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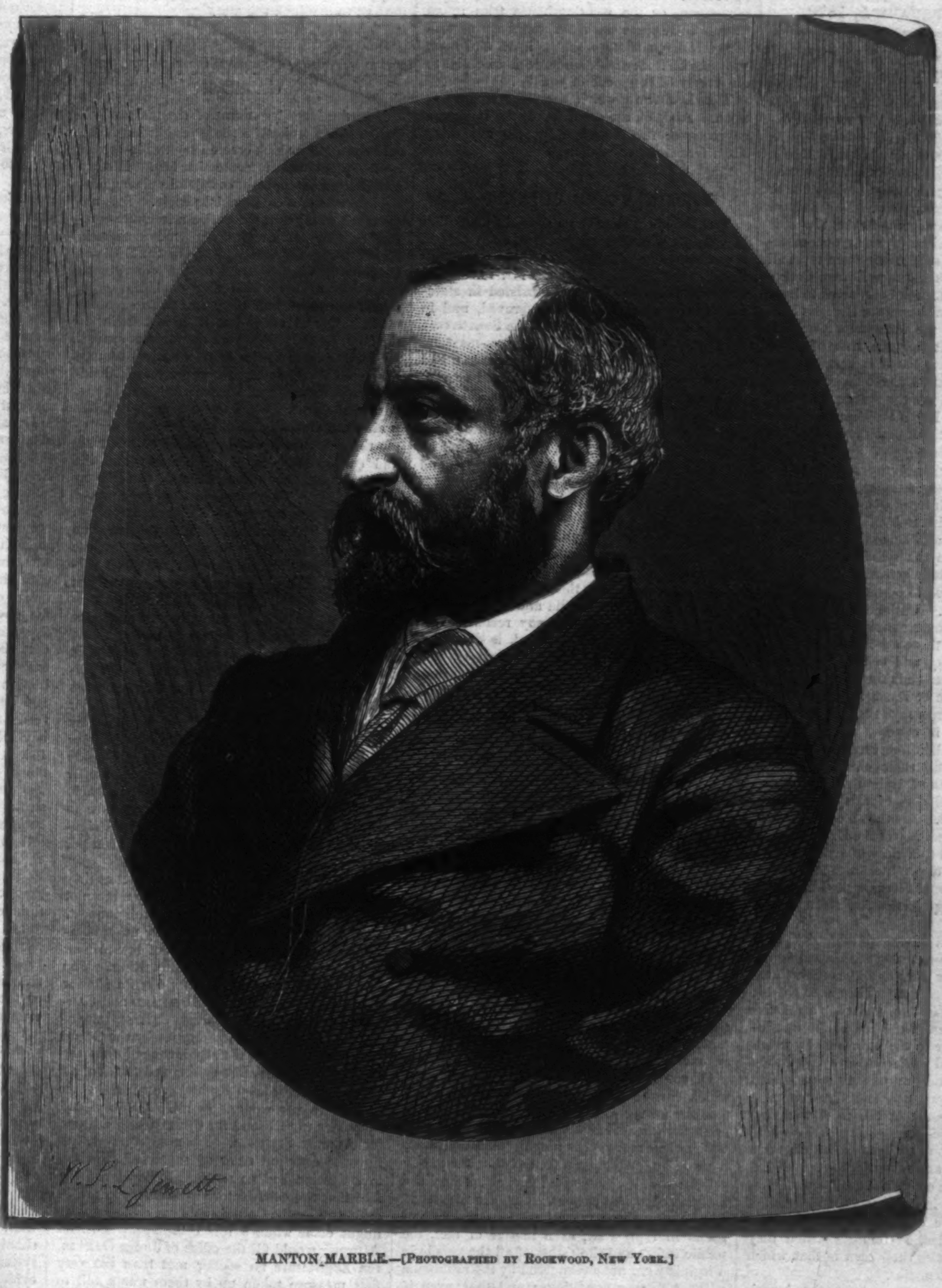
MANTON MARBLE.

MR. MARBLE was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, November 16, 1835. The only circumstance worth noting in this record is the date, which shows that he was a young man of seven or eight and twenty when he assumed charge of the *World*, which immediately became, under his management, a powerful journal. His ancestors, on both sides, are of an old Puritan stock. They came over at an early period, one of them, WILLIAM MARBLE, having taken the freeman's oath in Boston, May 3, 1654. How much the subject of this sketch owes to his remote Puritan progenitors we can not judge; but if they were grim and forbidding, after the Puritan fashion, the repulsive severity ran out long before it reached him. We have been told that his grandfather, SOLOMON MARBLE, had even more than the Puritan strength and stolidity of purpose: a peculiarity which did *not* run out, though, in passing through the intermediate link, and blending with the other branch of the lineage, it slipped on a mask of winning suavity. Mr. MARBLE's parents, both of whom are living, are estimable religious people, remarkable for sterling good sense, and simple, old-fashioned cordiality.

Mr. MARBLE was educated at first by his father; then at the High School in Providence, R. I.; afterward at the Albany Academy, under the principalship of Prof. GEO. H. COOK, now of Rutger's College, and State Geolgist or New Jersey; and he completed his school studies at the University of Rochester, where he entered in the sophomore class January 1, 1853, and was graduated with honors in July, 1855, taking the President's prize for an essay on the Ancient and Modern Idea of a State, in which he maintained the non-interference theory of modern Democracy. The politics of a youth of twenty are likely to be right or wrong by accident. The Democratic sentiments of the prize essay only prove that in the greater maturity of his faculties Mr. MARBLE saw no reason to change his politics. He probably got his bias from his early surroundings, and the admiration felt by the Baptist communion, to which his parents belonged, for ROGER WILLIAMS, in whose history and opinions we should expect to find the pedigree of Mr. MARBLE's political views. More creditable to him than his early Democracy is the fact that he was the favorite pupil of that distinguished educator and very able man, Dr. M. B. ANDERSON, the President of the University, between whom and Mr. MARBLE a warm friendship has since continued to subsist.

Immediately on leaving college, Mr. MARBLE went to Boston and embarked in journalism; at first accepting a place on the staff of the Boston *Journal*, and afterward becoming the responsible editor of the Boston *Traveller*. In 1858 he came to New York, on the *Evening Post*, then edited by Mr. BRYANT, Mr. BIGELOW, and WILLIAM SIDNEY THAYER (afterward United States Consul General to Egypt). He continued his connection with the *Evening Post* until the *World* was established, in June, 1860. He spent the summer and autumn of 1859 in traveling and buffalo hunting in Northwestern British America; and, besides his letters to the *Evening Post*, he made a record of his trip with pen and pencil, in a series of illustrated papers published in *Harper's Magazine*, in 1860, under the title "To Red River and Beyond."

The *World* was started by a company of gentlemen belonging to the "evangelical" denominations, with a view to make that great diffuser of intelligence, the daily press, a vehicle of Christian influence. In politics its prospectus announced that it would be independent. In 1860, when the ground already rumbled with signs of the coming earthquake, this enterprise was, if not absurd, at least expensively ill-timed. Piety is never out of season; but piety needed (and *had*) infinite simplicity to back it when it believed that at such a time a public could be found who would subordinate political differences to the diffusion of Evangelical Christianity! There was no such subordination, even among the projectors and proprietors of the paper, nor in the *World* office itself. Its staff had been made up by its estimable editor, Mr. JAMES R. SPALDING (then recently of the *Courier and Enquirer*, a Conservative Whig until the Whig party was defunct), in conscientious pursuance of the no-party promise of the prospectus; and, as no man with any brains in his head could be really neutral in such a crisis as was then coming, the writing force of the paper was like a divided team, a part hitched to each end of the coach. The paper pleased nobody by its politics, and the temper of the times permitted it to please nobody long by its religion. In less than two years it sunk $200,000 of capital. Its despairing owners, seeing no end of the drain, tried to sell the establishment to Republican politicians and journalists, entering into several fruitless negotiations for that purpose; among other parties, with Mr. THURLOW WEED. At last, April 12, 1862, they sold it to Mr. MARBLE, at a price but little above the value of the presses, types, and material.



MANTON MARBLE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.]

This brings us to a new epoch in Mr. MARBLE's history, in which he disclosed qualities little suspected by some persons who had previously known him.

Mr. MARBLE's connection with the *World* commenced, as we have stated, when the paper was launched, in the summer of 1860. To a stranger he would have seemed, at that time, a young man of a quick executive turn, a pleasant, captivating address, and a refinement almost fastidious in his personal tastes. He enjoyed a good joke, and was clever at a neat repartee. On a nearer intimacy he seemed very companionable and affectionate. But at that time he gave no other evidence that his mind was strong, as well as refined and alert, than a keen partisanship for the metaphysical doctrines of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, which he had studied with great care, and for which he was always ready to take up the gauntlet. He handled the heavy weapons of that kind of controversy with surprising dexterity and ease for so young a man. The range of his curiosity was wide; but, apart from metaphysics, it concerned itself mostly with current events and elegant literature. His extensive reading in political economy, jurisprudence, and history was of subsequent growth. At that early period an assemblage of light accomplishments, which sat very easily upon him, obscured the robuster features of his mind.

But his real strength began to appear (and he needed it all) when he undertook to lift, and carry upon his juvenile shoulders, the establishment which the experienced veterans to whom it had been offered thought too far gone to be saved. He immediately reorganized its staff, boldly increased its expenses for news, and put it on the political course which it has since pursued. In the autumn of 1862 he formed a joint-stock company for its publication, selling shares of the establishment, but retaining a controlling interest. It was in the first few months following this change that his character came out in full relief, resembling what is sometimes observed in the other sex when a sudden weight of responsibility transforms girlishness at once into full womanhood. His co-proprietors were six or seven Democrats, all men of wealth and great business experience; some of them astute, veteran politicians. As was natural, they expected to mould the policy of the paper and shape its course. Its young editor supposed that function belonged to *him*. Articles and communications which they sent him for insertion were revised with as free a hand, or rejected with as firm a decision, as if they had come from unknown outsiders. This was more than independence, it was wisdom; for if the paper had fallen under the control of mere politicians, it would soon have been among the wrecks which are scattered along the journalistic history of the last thirty years.

The *World* was, however, Democratic enough. It provoked the utmost indignation of the Republican party. It outstripped all its Democratic contemporaries in bold and bitter denunciation

of some of the leading and favorite measures of Mr. Lincoln's administration. We prefer to pass lightly over Mr. Marble's politics, in which this journal can find little to commend; it being the sole purpose of this sketch to exhibit the *man*, and explain his personal success. But although there can appear in these columns only repudiation of his politics, we must recognize his just sense of the dignity of his profession, and his superiority to control by office-seeking politicians. The fact that he has kept no terms with the Tammany Ring, when his subserviency or even his silence might have enabled him to share their gains, shows that he is a politician of no vulgar order. His refusal to advocate Mr. Pendleton's greenback theory, after it had been indorsed in the national Democratic platform, and his advice to substitute a new candidate for General Blair, after the October elections had proved that the party, with him on the ticket, was foredoomed to defeat, are well-known illustrations of his steadiness and independence.

In January, 1869, Mr. Marble purchased back the shares of the *World* with which he parted in 1862, and became its sole proprietor.

In May, 1864, Mr. Marble was married to Delia B. West, daughter of the late Ira West, of Rochester; a lady of singular intelligence, sweetness, and grace, womanly elevation of character, and fine moral intuitions. She died in June, 1868, leaving two children. All who ever knew her cherish her memory with loving reverence.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 5, 1870.

THE POPE OF ROME AND AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

The Rev. Mr. Preston, a Roman Catholic clergyman of New York, recently delivered a lecture upon "the Catholic [by which is meant Roman Catholic] view of the Public School Question." We have not yet had the Methodist, or Congregationalist, or Baptist, or Unitarian, or Presbyterian view. Nor shall we have it; and for the sufficient reason that it is not a religious or ecclesiastical or denominational question. The schools are open to us all as citizens; not as Quakers, or Roman Catholics, or Jews. Mr. Preston is reported to have denied any desire upon the part of Roman Catholics to break down the American Common School system. That may be true of those who are not clergymen, but it is certainly not true of the Roman Catholic priesthood. They do not wish to break down the system, provided they can control it. But if they can not, does Mr. Preston say or think that they would not be opposed to the system?

His own remarks furnish the answer to the question. Immediately after saying that Roman Catholics—which term, of course, includes the clergy—do not wish to break down the system, Mr. Preston said, according to the report: "The Pope, in the syllabus concerning modern errors, especially censures the doctrine that public schools are to be removed from the control of the clergy. Catholics [Romanists], therefore, can not conscientiously allow their children to frequent those schools." Now the people of this country and of this State have forbidden all sectarianism in the public schools. Are they or the Pope of Rome to regulate the subject? Mr. Preston says that the lord of a small Italian state is opposed to our public school system, and therefore certain American citizens can not send their children to the schools. And this small Italian ruler of a domain whose population is especially ignorant, superstitious, and idle, says that a certain share of the public school money of the United States must be surrendered to a class of agents of his, American citizens, or at least residents, who acknowledge a spiritual allegiance to him which compels them to oppose the American school system.

The answer to Mr. Preston's address is, that the people of this State and of the United States do not care whether the Pope likes their Common School system or not. They have tried it for a century, more or less, and they are satisfied. They look across the sea at the dominions of the Pope, or to the countries in which he has been allowed to have his way, and they do not behold a condition of the people which inspires their admiration or stimulates them to imitation. They see that the most wretched countries in Europe—the countries in which there is the least general comfort, intelligence, industry, progress, and prosperity—are the Papal states and Spain under its late Papal régime. And, knowing the intimate and vital relation between the public schools and the national welfare, the very last system for which they would wish to change their own is that which prevails in those countries.

Again, looking over the ocean, the American people see Austria, which had been long subject to ecclesiastical domination, recoiling from the humiliating field of Sadowa, instinctively feeling that the cause of its defeat is its absolute subjugation to ecclesiastical rule, which eats away the manliness of any people, and striking at the heart of its shame by removing the schools from clerical supremacy. The American people say, therefore, to the Pope and his agents: "If you do not choose to have your children educated in our free schools—if you will let them wallow in ignorance rather than grow up in intelligence—if you insist that they shall stay away, unless we will give you money to educate them in your peculiar religious views, so be it. We have jails as well as schools; and if you prefer to fit your children for prison rather than to make them, at our expense, intelligent citizens, so be it again. But so long as we understand the principles of our government, so long as we can read in history and see in your Papal states the consequences of your system, and in our own country the result of ours, so long we shall decline to support sectarian schools by giving to each sect a share of the school money.

Mr. Preston, in the report of his address, said, that he and his friends, that is to say, the Pope, the chief bishop of his church, is willing that other denominations, which desire to organize sectarian schools, should have the same privilege. Undoubtedly; but the Pope does not in the remotest degree "comprehend American institutions." He and Mr. Preston believe that what they call the religious, or more truly the ecclesiastical authority, should be supreme in the state. In America we believe, and insist, that the state shall have no religion, but shall protect every citizen in the exercise of his chosen faith with equal regard to the rights of every other. The Joss-house of the Chinese, the synagogue of the Jew, the meeting-house of all Christian denominations, shall be secure. But when the Joss-house, or the synagogue, or the meeting-house tries to go further and secure the state patronage as well as protection, the state shakes it off and says, "Hands off! My independence is essential to the liberty of every one of you."

This is a truth which the Pope can never learn. And, on the other hand, the Pope can never teach the American people any thing about free common schools.

VIRGINIA AND CONGRESS.

The debate in the Senate upon the admission of Virginia was very acrimonious, and ended in a passage of peculiar bitterness between Senators Trumbull and Sumner. Mr. Trumbull declared that Mr. Sumner persisted in statements after they had been disproved, and in general undertook to brow-beat the Senate very much in the manner of the old slave-masters. Mr. Sumner retorted that Mr. Trumbull had opposed all efforts to help the colored citizen, and was the representative of the Ku-Klux Klan; and, moreover, that he made a technical argument to screen the criminal Andrew Johnson. Both Senators were called to order by the Chair for unparliamentary language; and the speeches of both were in a temper which is not, theoretically, senatorial. After they had spoken the question was taken, and the bill was passed by a strict Republican vote. It will, probably, have been considered by the House before this paper is issued.

The ground taken by those who were opposed to the admission of Virginia under the original act was, that if Congress may reconstruct a State, and finds before the work is done that there is some serious defect in the system proposed—some vital omission in the measures adopted—it may and should consider the object of the whole action, and not commit itself and imperil the country upon mere technical grounds. In its strongest form this argument is, that if Congress has made a law that a State shall be admitted upon certain conditions, and the State has conformed to the conditions, but Congress discovers before giving its final assent that it has not done all that it should have done to secure the objects for which it imposed the conditions, it may re-open the subject, and impose others which will secure it. To this it is replied that Congress by its law imposing conditions makes a solemn compact with the State, and has bound itself in honor to accept the State whenever it conforms, because, if it may decline to admit the State after its compliance with one set of conditions, so it may decline after another similar compliance; and it is urged that Virginia has no more security that it will be admitted to representation now than it had last summer.

Of course the only answer to this argument which can be urged is the renewed assertion that the nature of the case imposes upon Congress the utmost care, and that at any moment before the admission is actually accomplished, if there be good reason to fear that the public welfare will be imperiled by admitting the State, it must be kept out. But the friends of admission under the original bill strongly reasoned in reply that, as a matter of fact, the public safety and the rights of all the people in Virginia were not endangered by the admission without further conditions; and that, even if they were, a much more fatal peril to the whole country was the withdrawal of the country from its solemnly-pledged word. If Congress may break faith with the people of Virginia, why not with the public creditor? If it may repudiate one contract, why not another? And how is its promise to the public creditor to pay more binding than its promise to the Virginia citizen to admit? The principle involved in the imposition of fresh conditions seems to be that Congress is the judge whether its word shall be kept or broken. It is certainly not too much to say, that no such principle in government can be honorably maintained. Nor can the strict observance by Congress of the terms imposed by itself, in so serious a public act, be called "technical" compliance. And what excuse can there be for not incorporating in the original act the conditions now adopted, which cover the main points that Senators always wished to secure?

For ourselves, we have never been impatient for the restoration of any State, whether "a grand old commonwealth" or not, until the great objects of reconstruction had been secured by the conditions precedent. There is a great deal, indeed, that can not be done by legislation and careful prevision; but there is also a great deal that can. It is not possible by law to make the late slaveholding class friendly to the late slaves; but it is quite practicable to prevent abuse of the colored citizens under the forms of law. If the various methods of abuse were only to be ascertained by waiting and experiment, that was an admirable reason for delay, but none whatever for a conclusive action which was also immature. If, however, such action were taken, there remained the ethical question whether the country loses more by admitting Virginia under inadequate conditions, than by breaking its pledged faith. If, indeed, it has been shown that its faith was not pledged, or that Virginia had not complied with the original conditions, we have been so unfortunate as to overlook the fact.

THE GOLD CONSPIRACY INVESTIGATION.

Not the least important of the tasks which Congress has set itself is the investigation of the gold conspiracy which created such wide-spread confusion and ruin in September last. History contains few examples of so baleful a plot against the interests of a commercial people. It is not too much to say that the entire mercantile community, from the heaviest dry-goods dealers in New York to the small jobber in St. Louis or Cincinnati, were victims of the conspiracy; some lost money which they could ill spare, others sacrificed half their capital to save the other half, and many left their last dollar in the Gold Room. Nor were the farmers spared. By forcing up the price of gold against its natural tendency, the conspirators produced a deadlock in the foreign exchange market; and hence, just at the season when Great Britain requires grain from abroad, and we are prepared to supply the demand, it was impossible to sell bills, and consequently to ship. Prussia and the Baltic countries made swift haste to profit by the accident. They supplied England's wants, and by the time our exchange market returned to its normal condition, the foreign demand no longer existed. Hence, in a great measure, the heavy decline in wheat this winter. The surplus which farmers had sent forward for export being thrown back on the domestic market, produced a glut which has caused wheat to decline to $1 15 in this city, 75 cents at Chicago, and 30 and 40 cents at the place of production, in Iowa and Minnesota. The September conspiracy was a crime, not only against the merchants and farmers, but against the nation itself. For several days the value of the national money was so unsettled as to recall the darkest days of the war. The national credit was so roughly shaken that foreigners did not recover their faith in it for some weeks after the conspiracy. Who could be expected to place confidence in a currency which the artifices of a few designing knaves could depreciate ten or fifteen per cent. in a morning?

If the laws which we have—imperfect as they are—were faithfully administered, it might not have been left to Congress to hold this inquest. But he is either very bold or very unsophisticated who appeals to the courts of law in New York against the Erie-Tammany Ring. The crime was yet fresh in our ears when a shower of injunctions from Judges Barnard and Cardoza secured, to the criminals at least, temporary immunity. An investigation by the Grand Jury followed—so skillfully managed that the conspirators alone were summoned to tell their story, and those who could have proved their guilt were not wanted at all. Twenty-one subpœnas were issued for Corbin, and not one for Albert Speyers. Do not, however, fall into the common error of supposing that the investigation had no result. It developed the fact that the conspirators were liable to prosecution under the Conspiracy law; and as a time might come when a less complaisant District Attorney would fill the office of Judge Garvin, the Legislature no sooner met than the very first measure taken up by them was a bill to repeal the Conspiracy law—of course in the interest of the working-men and trades unions.

It was therefore a necessity, if any inquiry was ever to be instituted into the great crime of September, that the work should be done by Congress. When the resolution was first introduced, the intention was to cast a slur on the President and his friends and office-holders. With a wise boldness General Grant's friends did not decline the challenge; but after modifying the resolution so as to divest it of its offensive features, and to extend the field of inquiry to a wider range, they passed and referred it to the Committee on Banking and Currency.

This Committee, to which Congress is very properly referring all measures touching the currency, contains some of the best men in the House, and but little "light timber." The chairman is General John A. Garfield, of Ohio, at one time during the war Chief-of-Staff to General Rosecrans, and since well known as a lawyer. He is one of the hardest workers in Congress. Other members are Mr. Judd, of Illinois, the personal friend of Mr. Lincoln; Mr. Coburn, of Indiana, cool and clear-headed; Mr. Lynch, of Maine, one of the strongest men on the Committee; Mr. Jones, of Kentucky; and others of less note.

The Committee commenced its inquiries about a fortnight since. Ignoring the example set them by the Grand Jury in this city, they began by ascertaining from a few well-informed persons the general history of the conspiracy. Passing from general to particular facts, they next sought to ascertain from the Ring brokers how the operations of the Ring or clique were effected, how much gold they bought, and how they disposed of it; and lastly, with the light derived from these inquiries, they undertook the examination of Fisk and Gould—the chiefs of the conspiracy—with some prospect of ascertaining the truth. Some time must elapse before the results of the general inquiry are made known. It is probable that the Committee will be in no hurry to close their investigation so long as any material witnesses remain to be examined, or any essential facts continue unexplained. It is more than likely that, before the report is made, Congress will find it necessary to exert its power to compel the attendance of some of the minor conspirators, who very naturally object to confessing their share of the performance, and thus far refuse to obey the summons of the Sergeant-at-Arms. On an inquiry before a Congressional committee, witnesses are not allowed to refuse to answer questions on the ground that their answer would tend to criminate them. Some of the witnesses who have been summoned may, therefore, be placed in the unpleasant dilemma of choosing between perjury and the confession of guilt. But these persons need expect no favors from the Committee. It is General Garfield's purpose to ascertain the facts, and those who know him need not be assured that he will accomplish it—however tedious the task may prove, and whatever harsh measures the contumacy of guilty men may compel him to adopt.

Enough is known of the evidence already obtained to render it certain that the chiefs of the conspiracy were the men known as the Erie clique; that they bought four times as much gold as there was in the city outside of the Sub-treasury; that certain subordinate government officials and lobby men—but no official in high station—were more or less in league with them; that their plot was consummated with the direct aid of one city bank, and by means of the facilities afforded by another; that the government sale of gold had little or nothing to do with the collapse of the movement; that the corner would inevitably have ruined every one connected with it but for the determination of the conspirators to sacrifice Speyers and Belden, in order to save the rest; that these two men were sent into the Gold Room to buy all the gold they could at 140, 150, and 160, it being clearly understood they should never pay for what they bought, while other Ring brokers were sent into the same market at the same time with orders to sell all they could sell below 140, and not on any account to sell to Speyers or Belden. That the Gold Exchange has submitted to the commission of so gross an outrage as this is due to the fact that it has been enjoined by Judge Barnard from exercising its corporate powers; and as to the victims of the conspiracy, they have been in some cases enjoined by the same judge from prosecuting their claims before the ordinary tribunals, and, in others, met by pleas of usury or the statute of frauds, which secure, at all events, indefinite delay to the wrong-doers.

Some of the papers sneeringly ask: What good will come of the investigation? Can Congress punish the knaves?

Unfortunately not. But it will not be a slight gain if the Committee should furnish the public with a complete mass of sworn testimony on the subject, so clear and connected that it may enable some of the victims to make the conspirators pecuniarily responsible for their acts in courts not controlled by the Erie Ring. It is hinted that among the victims are some men who can wait. Nor will the inquiry be in vain if it should tend to show the danger of the present system of over-certifying by banks. It is in evidence that the Erie Ring owned a bank, and obtained from it on September 23d certification to an amount so vastly in excess of its capital that it could not have paid five cents on the dollar had the collapse occurred twenty-four hours before. It is surely within the province of Congress to regulate a matter of this kind, and to render it impossible for a party of speculators to buy up a bank with a capital of half a million, and then to obtain from it certification—in other words, money—to the ex-

tent of twenty or thirty millions. Whether the disastrous speculation of September could have taken place without the agency of the Gold Exchange Bank, and if it could not, whether some restrictions can or should be placed upon the working of that institution, will be matters for the Committee to determine according to the evidence.

The country has practically committed to General GARFIELD and his associates supreme control over the banking interests and the currency; whatever recommendations they may make to Congress will in all probability be adopted and embodied in laws. It is unreasonable to expect them to foresee all the accidents which are likely to occur so long as our currency remains debased. But they owe it to the nation to inform themselves thoroughly regarding the accidents which have occurred, and to take all proper precautions against their repetition.

"THE RESPECT DUE" TO ROBERT E. LEE.

THE New York *World*, in speaking of the possible visit of ROBERT E. LEE to Portland, to attend the funeral ceremonies of GEORGE PEABODY, says: "From what we find in the New England papers on the subject, we are sure that he will be an honored participant in the ceremonies. All the animosities of other days will be buried, at least for the time being, on this mournful occasion, and the people of Massachusetts will receive the distinguished man with the respect due to his own character and the circumstances of his visit." But certainly ROBERT E. LEE is no more a "distinguished man" than JEFFERSON DAVIS. If respect is "due" to the character of a man who remained in the military family of the General-in-chief of his country's armies until he had learned all his commander's secrets, and then resigned his commission in order to dishonor his country's flag and destroy its government that human slavery might be extended and perpetuated, then it is certainly not less due to the man who presided over the enterprise. If ROBERT E. LEE is to be an "honored participant" upon the occasion in question, the participation of JEFFERSON DAVIS should be more honored.

What is "the respect due to his own character" in the case of LEE? The circumstances of his career are not forgotten; nor will they be omitted by history. The maudlin sentimentality that saluted him when the war ended as "a Christian hero," and which stigmatized the soldiers of the Union as LINCOLN'S hirelings—the snobbish servility that dubbed the rebel chief "the great captain," will not affect the truthful record of the war. No rhetoric about "honest differences" will conceal the fact that Colonel LEE, the confidential aid of General SCOTT, remained as long as practicable in the most intimate relations with his superior; wrote to his sister that he did not think there was any reason for hostilities, and then, professing obedience to his State, immediately engaged in those hostilities, the object of which was the overthrow of the government and the unrestricted liberty of himself and his associates to traffic in human beings. The attempt to liken such a cause and its abettors to that of FALKLAND and the cavaliers, or of JOHN HAMPDEN and the Parliament, is an inexpressible absurdity.

ROBERT E. LEE is in no honorable sense a "distinguished man." In no sense could he be "an honored participant" in the ceremonies described; and "the respect due to his own character" is that which is due to JEFFERSON DAVIS, to JAMES M. MASON, to ROBERT TOOMBS, and to HOWELL COBB. We repeat what we have said upon every occasion when the attempt is made to thrust LEE into further publicity, that it is a fatal mistake. The loyal people of the United States, who have saved their government and liberty, will permit him to remain in the obscurity into which he has fallen. But the effort to represent him as a hero to be honored, as a citizen to be respected, as a man in any noble or generous or patriotic or desirable sense "distinguished," is an effort at public demoralization which shall not pass unexposed. The Boston cadets, who invited MAGRUDER to their dinner, may beg to be allowed the honor of respectfully escorting ROBERT E. LEE through the streets by which the noblest of Boston youth marched to return no more. But self-respecting American citizens, who cherish no vindictive feeling toward LEE and the baffled rebels, will not therefore think it necessary or decent to honor them as distinguished men, as great citizens, or as public benefactors.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE COUNCIL.

MR. RIPLEY, in one of his interesting letters from Rome to the *Tribune*, speaks of a late sermon preached in that city by Archbishop MANNING, who is the chief English representative in the Œcumenical Council. The Archbishop takes the extremest ground for the absolute Papal supremacy, as the consequence of his infallibility. It is understood that Dr. MANNING'S influence with the Pope is very great, and his sermon is so entirely in accordance with the Pope's Bull on Excommunications, of which we recently published a description, that it may be regarded as the manifest of the Papal policy in the Council. That policy is the declaration of infallibility; and the substance of the dogma of infallibility is that the Pope is by Divine ordinance not only the spiritual chief of his Church, but the absolute and irresponsible head of all human governments.

The consequences of this assumption, and its folly, when viewed historically, are most powerfully stated in "The Pope and Council," by Janus, a work written by German Roman Catholic scholars who are wholly opposed to the new dogma, as both false and fatally mischievous to the Church. To Protestants this is the most remarkable Roman Catholic work of the time. As an argument upon its especial point, it is masterly and unanswerable. As a blow delivered from within the Church at the Jesuit and reactionary influence which controls it, it is unparalleled. It is necessary to read it in order to understand how profoundly stirred to its very depths is the Roman Church at this moment.

The Papal intention in calling the Council was to array the Church inflexibly against the progress of civilization; to engage it in the most unnatural and monstrous endeavor to subjugate liberty of thought and political freedom to the whim of any ignorant monk or priest who may be made Pope. The power of the Church over its members is very great; but it seems hardly possible that men of whom MONTALEMBERT and HYACINTHE are representatives can acquiesce in the declaration of the dogma. Should it be proclaimed, Father HYACINTHE and the whole liberal Catholic party must utterly recant or leave the Church. And as the proclamation is the long cherished purpose of the Jesuit influence which has long been supreme in the Roman Church, it is most probable that it will be made.

At this moment of intense and universal interest in the world of religious Rome comes GARIBALDI'S novel, "The Rule of the Monk," which will be issued immediately by the HARPERS. Its scene is laid in Rome, and it is the most impassioned exposure by the idol of liberal Italy of what he believes to be the crafty, cruel, sensual, and soul-destroying system of priestly rule. As the burning protest of the pure, chivalric, and sincere Italian soldier against the subtle and remorseless tyranny which he thinks has brought upon his beloved country all its long-suffering and despair—and for its assertions of fact, for which he offers himself as witness and authority, GARIBALDI'S book, appearing while the Council is in session, can not fail to excite universal interest.

Meanwhile the Council drags slowly on. The debates are hot, for the hostilities are radical. The German bishops have held a caucus, and have resolved that, unless the number of members in dioceses be taken into consideration in the votes, they will withdraw in a body.

The Pope foreshadows his absolute supremacy by excommunicating those who shall appeal from his decision to that of a council, and all their abettors. The issue of the whole matter is very likely to be the assertion of an authority like that assumed by HILDEBRAND; and the European monarchs, who profess spiritual fidelity to the Pope, may have suddenly to consider whether they will also hold their crowns subject to his pleasure, and whether they will permit a foreigner to regulate the internal, civil, and political economy of their states. The attempt, which we consider elsewhere, to introduce that authority here, is only an indication of the spirit which, having formerly put its foot upon the neck of kings, fondly fancies it can modify free institutions for its own purpose.

NOTES.

AT the late Woman Suffrage Convention in Washington, Mrs. H. B. STANTON said, with great force, that many of the ladies who profess such horror at seeing their names in the papers, go incessantly to balls and public places, and are sadly disappointed if they do not see their names in the newspaper of the next day, "as wearing the most distinguished costumes and waltzing with some imported Count." Indeed, in a column of the paper, parallel with that in which Mrs. STANTON'S remark is reported, there was a description of a dinner at the White House, in which all the ladies were mentioned by name; and it is very doubtful, according to Mrs. STANTON'S view, whether they were sorry, and indeed whether they were not pleased. Let the ladies observe, therefore, that it is not newspaper publicity of which they are afraid. Is it, then, more discreditable to be reported as having said or done a wise thing than as having worn a crimson velvet with diamonds?

THE late meeting to express the desire of the people of New York that Cuba should be recognized as a belligerent could hardly be called a success, even by the most enthusiastic friends of recognition. Mr. GREELEY, the chairman, said that there was fighting in Cuba, and Mr. CASSIUS M. CLAY discoursed of things in general. But Mr. GREELEY did not present any reasons for recognition, except that European powers ought not to rule upon this continent; which, if it be a good argument, would justify a declaration of war against Great Britain, Spain, Holland, and Denmark, which, however, he did not urge. As to the question of belligerency, Mr. CASSIUS M. CLAY seems to have settled it by saying: "I, as an American citizen, as a lover of the republic in whose cause I have made so many sacrifices both of time, of character, and of money, say that a state of belligerency does exist." Whereupon, according to the report, "the tumult became so great that the band played a lively air, and the speaker drank out of a large pitcher, while the audience roared with applause."

MR. JAMES LENOX has added his name to the long list of rich Americans who have devoted a large part of their property to the public advantage. M. LENOX has obtained a charter for the Lenox Library, and has made provision of land, money, and collections. The act is so generous that it is impossible not to regret that it was not a little more maturely considered. The library will necessarily be very much a duplicate of the Astor Library, and of other large collections in the city. Perhaps two hundred thousand dollars will be spent for works which are already accessible to the public. But had that sum been added to the fund of the Astor Library, or some other ample and established institution, its stores might have been so increased that presently the great literary want of the country, a library complete in every department and fully equal to the greatest of foreign libraries, might be secured. As it is, New York will have two fine free libraries, each incomplete.

CONGRESS is very generous, but is it equally just to its countrymen, in paying a bounty to English printers and publishers? While every article used in manufacturing a book is heavily taxed, foreign books are allowed to come in under a duty comparatively so trifling that it is cheaper, in most cases, to make the book abroad than to manufacture it here. Not a book leaves the American press that does not pay at least fifteen separate taxes to the government. The consequence is, that a book can be ordered in England, and imported into the United States, that will not cost, after paying duties, freight, and all other charges, more than half of what a similar book, manufactured here, would cost. Is this fair play for American industry? and if it is, what would be unfair?

IT is very hard for railroad conductors to satisfy the public. Recently a respectable elderly gentleman was summarily, and, as is reported, unreasonably ejected from a car upon a New Jersey railroad. The expulsion was against the protest of the passengers; and in trying to regain the car, the passenger fell and both legs were crushed. We do not think, however, that as a rule conductors can be accused of harshness, except to delinquents in paying the fare. Their forbearance toward drunken passengers, for instance, is truly edifying. Mr. VANDERBILT has made some excellent reforms in the management of his roads. Let him now provide a calaboose upon every train for the accommodation of recalcitrant passengers.

THE Albany correspondent of the *World*, the well-known "Sentinel," says that he supposed one of the chief meanings of the late election was the abolition of the system of State police districts, and asks: "Is it possible that I was in error?" If "Sentinel" really expected from the ascendency of the party, whose actual managers he knows, economy, honesty, and a single regard for principle, or for fine professions made when out of power, there is not such faith to be found elsewhere, no, not in New York. Moreover, if he supposes that the order of the city of New York and the rights of its citizens would be as well protected by such a police as would inevitably be appointed by the local Ring masters, he would doubtless prefer to have taken his chances under FERNANDO WOOD and his men in 1857, rather than under ACTON and his men in 1863. When those Ring masters control the Governor and the Legislature, it is of less importance where the police is appointed. But the sole question with those gentry will be, not what have we promised or professed, but how can we make the most of the situation for ourselves? When Governor HOFFMAN talked about the honesty of the new Legislature, did "Sentinel" really believe that Democrats were honester than Republicans, and that the ascent to unchecked power of Mr. SWEENY, Mr. TWEED, and their associates was an actual advantage to the State?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 17.—In the Senate the House bill of last session, prohibiting the assignment of retired officers to duty on full pay, was passed. Mr. Sumner introduced a substitute for the bill in regard to international telegraphic communication, and reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs the bill, without amendment, providing for the satisfaction of the claims of American citizens for spoliation by the French prior to July 31, 1801. Three Commissioners are to be appointed, and the amount of the claims is not to exceed $5,000,000. The bill for the admission of Virginia was debated, the Senate bill tabled, and that of the House taken up; but little progress was made.—In the House, among the bills introduced were the following: For the promotion of American commerce by repealing the tonnage tax on American vessels; for an adjournment of Congress on the second Tuesday in April; for the payment of a year's salary of an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court to the family of Edwin M. Stanton, deceased; and to abolish the franking privilege from July 1, 1870.

January 18.—The Senate held a short and unprofitable debate on the Virginia bill, and adjourned without coming to a vote on the question.—In the House the bill introduced by Mr. Judd to regulate the Congressional apportionment for the Forty-second Congress was referred to the Committee of the Whole. Among the bills introduced was one for new government buildings in Brooklyn.

January 19.—The Senate, by a vote of 45 to 16, adopted Mr. Edmunds's amendment to the Virginia bill, requiring the imposition of an oath of the State officers that they are eligible under the Fourteenth Amendment.—In the House the concurrent resolution for an adjournment on the second Monday in April was rejected. A bill was introduced providing for a Niagara ship canal.

January 20.—In the Senate the statue of the Revolutionary General Nathaniel Greene was formally presented to Congress by Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island. Among the bills introduced was one incorporating a Telegraph Postal Company, with peculiar duties and powers. No progress was made on the Virginia bill.—In the House a bill was introduced by Mr. Bingham making it a penal offense for any person to propose to repeal the action of a State Legislature in ratifying any proposed constitutional amendment. Among the resolutions was one declaring the absence of constitutional authority in making treaties which involve the absorption of foreign territory without the consent of the House.

January 21.—In the Senate, the discussion on the Virginia bill was closed, and the vote taken. An amendment offered by Mr. Drake was adopted, which affixes fundamental conditions to the admission of the State, and prohibits any change or amendment to the State Constitution to deprive citizens of the right of franchise who are now entitled to vote, except as a punishment for crime. A further amendment by Mr. Drake, imposing further conditions that the State should never deprive any citizen, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, from holding office, was adopted—yeas 30, nays 29. Another amendment, by Mr. Wilson, in regard to the school rights, was adopted by a vote of 31 to 29. The preamble of the House bill was then changed by a substitute setting forth that Virginia had adopted a Constitution republican in form, and that the Legislature elected under it had ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments in good faith as a condition precedent to representation. This substitute was adopted by a vote of 39 to 20. The bill, as amended, was then passed to a third reading by a vote of yeas 47, nays 10.—In the House, no business of importance was transacted.

January 22.—The Senate was not in session, and in the House the day was devoted to a general and prosy discussion on the state of the Union, in Committee of the Whole.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

January 18.—In the Senate a bill was introduced to incorporate the Lenox Library, in New York city.—The Assembly was not in session.

January 19.—In the Senate Mr. Tweed reported a bill to amend the act providing for the government of New York city.—In the Assembly several bills to provide for the better security of human life in New York city were introduced, but nothing of importance was done.

January 20.—In the Senate, the bill chartering the Lenox Library was passed. The bill to repeal the New York City Excise Law was considered in Committee of the Whole, and progress reported. Mr. Creamer gave notice of a bill to repeal the act creating the Metropolitan Police District, and providing for the election of three Police Commissioners in New York.—In the Assembly, the following bills were introduced: To repeal the act exempting ministers from taxation; for the election of a commissioner and the establishment of a police force in Brooklyn; to repeal the act to prevent cruelty to animals in New York; to sell the Seamen's Retreat at Staten Island. The resolution in regard to the Committee to attend the Peabody obsequies was amended so as to consist of three Senators and five members of the House. A motion was agreed to that the Committee pay its own expenses. The Senate bill incorporating the Lenox Library was passed.

January 21.—Nothing of importance was done in the Senate.—In the Assembly, a resolution of inquiry was passed in regard to the encroachments of the New Jersey Railway Company upon the harbor of New York.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Ex-Secretary Seward was received at Havana, on his way home from his long journey on the Pacific coast, with due honors. He was entertained by the Spanish officials, and on the 18th of January was serenaded by the volunteer battalions. In replying to a welcoming address, Mr. Seward was strictly non-committal on the subject of the insurrection.

The Fifteenth Amendment was ratified by Rhode Island on the 20th, and by Mississippi on the 15th of January.

Postmaster-General Creswell has made arrangements for an additional weekly dispatch of mails from New York city to Europe, by the steamers of the Hamburg line. This secures a regular tri-weekly mail communication.

A severe tornado, accompanied by a heavy flood, recently swept over the West, causing great destruction of life and property, especially in Kentucky. A great part of Louisville was submerged by the flood, and many houses about Cave City were blown down. Over twenty lives were lost in that vicinity.

Generals Alcorn and Ames have been elected United States Senators from Mississippi, the former for the long and the latter for the short term. W. H. Revels, (colored), at present State Senator from Natchez, has been chosen Senator for the term expiring March, 1871, to which Mr. Sharkey was elected, but not admitted.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE trial of Rochefort was very brief, and resulted in his conviction. He was sentenced to imprisonment for six months, a fine of 3000 francs, and a deprivation of his political rights, though he still remains a Deputy.

An alarming outbreak occurred on the 18th of January among the workmen at La Creuzot, one of the largest iron-manufacturing towns in France. The cause of the strike, in which ten thousand workmen were engaged, was a change in the general direction, and a refusal by those in authority to restore the old order of affairs, as asked for in a petition from the workmen. A terrible accident, by which number of miners were killed, added to the excitement. Troops were at once sent to the disaffected district, and the movement, which at one time threatened to be very serious, was suppressed.

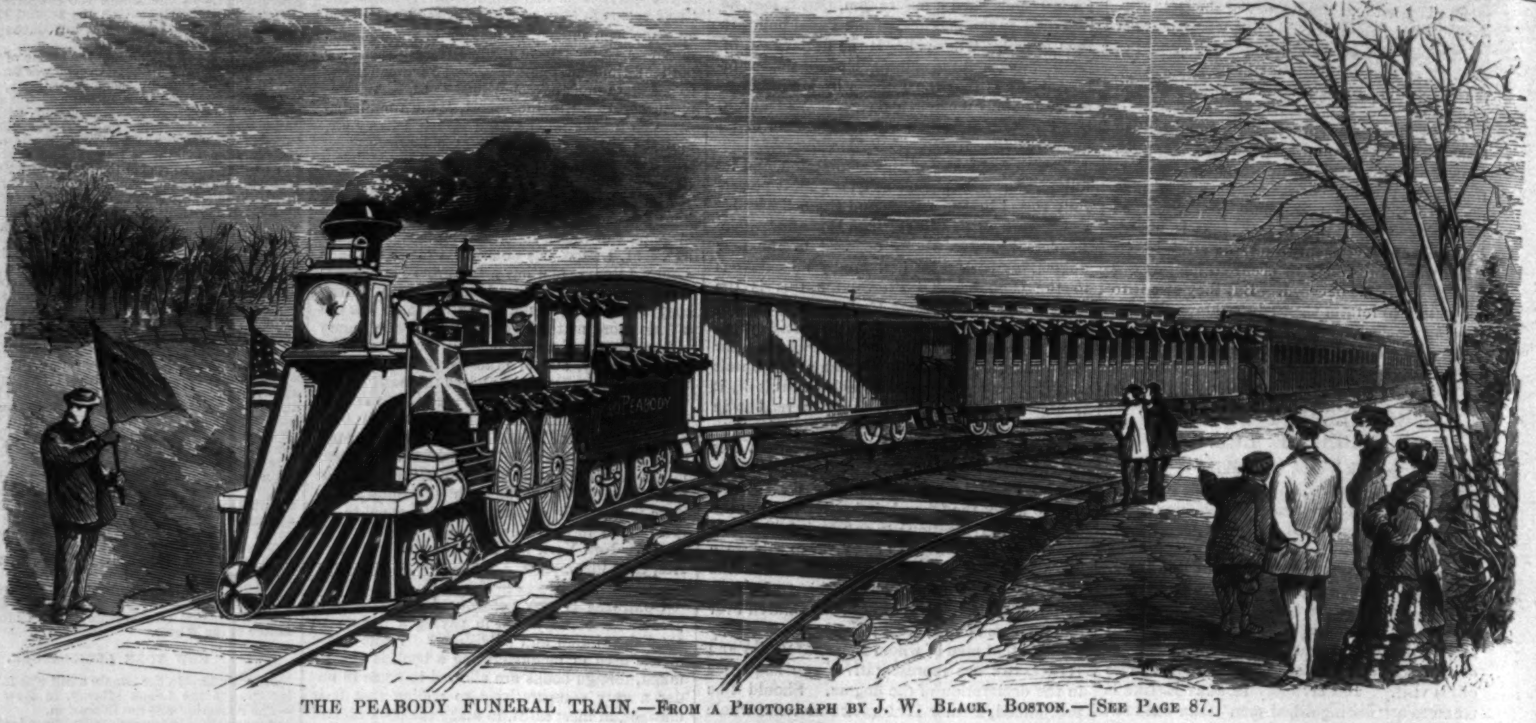
Traupmann, the murderer of the Kinck family, was executed at Paris January 19. The last words he uttered were, "I persist I have accomplices." Great precautions were taken to prevent a disturbance, and consequently the execution passed off without disorder.

An amnesty for offenses against the press in France will soon be issued, and a proposed new law regulating journalism is to be submitted to the Corps Legislatif.

The Œcumenical Council is still occupied with the discussion of the Syllabus. Letters from Rome state that the American bishops in the Council object to the dogma of infallibility, alleging that it will check proselytism among Protestants. It is reported that 300 members of the Council have refused to sign a petition in favor of the proposed dogma, and that its opponents are preparing a counter petition, believing they will meet with support enough to defeat it.

Advices received in London from Baker's African Expedition up to January 1 are to the effect that the party had arrived at the head waters of the Nile, and were all in good health.

A correspondence between Count Bismarck and Mr. Burlingame has been published in Berlin. Prussia wants Imperialism restored throughout China as a guarantee of order and of safety to foreigners. It is stated that the relations between Count Bismarck and Mr. Burlingame are of the most friendly character, and that there is good reason to suppose that the Chinese Treaty has been satisfactorily arranged.



THE PEABODY FUNERAL TRAIN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

THE BEGGAR AT THE DOOR.
ONE OF ANDERSON'S EARLY WOOD-CUTS.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON, M.D.

IN the death of Dr. ANDERSON, who breathed his last on the 17th of January, at the residence of his son-in-law, in Jersey City, the bookmaker's craft and the world of book-readers have lost a long-familiar friend—a man whose genius, not meteoric in splendor, but planet-like in its effulgence, has burned in our firmament with steady lustre for almost three generations.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.
ENGRAVED BY HIMSELF IN HIS EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR.

Dr. ANDERSON was the pioneer engraver on wood in America. He was the virtual *inventor* of the art on this side of the Atlantic. His name has been familiar to booksellers and readers in America from the beginning of the present century; and the mysterious little monogram "A.A." in the corners of wood-cuts in educational books has attracted the attention of millions of children in our schools and at our firesides when experiencing the delight of his pictures.

Dr. ANDERSON was of Scotch descent, his father being a native of Scotland. He was born near Beekman's Slip, New York city, on the 21st of April, 1775, two days after the first bloodshed in the old war for independence had occurred at Lexington and Concord. His father differed in politics from most of his countrymen in America at that time, who were generally distinguished for their loyalty to the king; and at the time of ALEXANDER's birth he was the publisher of a republican newspaper in the city of New York, called *The Constitutional Gazette.* He continued to publish it in opposition to the ministerial papers of RIVINGTON and GAINE until the autumn of 1776, when the British took possession of New York city. Then the "rebel printer" was compelled to fly, with his books and printing materials, nearly all of which were lost before he reached a place of absolute safety in Connecticut.

WILLIAM AND AMELIA IN THE ORCHARD.
ONE OF ANDERSON'S EARLY WOOD-CUTS.

ENFORCING THE WHISKY LAWS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WEST VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

At the age of twelve years young Anderson began to use the graver for his own amusement. He was a timid lad, shrunk from asking questions, and gained information by silent and modest observation. Peeping into the shop windows of silver-smiths he saw the shape and the method of manipulating the graver in the lettering of spoons; and rolled-out copper cents gave him his plates for first efforts. The wonders of general science early engaged his attention, especially that branch which pertains to the economy of man's physical life. Some of his earlier efforts in the engraver's art were in making copies of anatomical figures from medical books. His father perceived this proclivity with pleasure, and deprecating the lad's manifest love of Art, he allowed him to make preparations for the profession of a physician. In May, 1796, at the age of twenty-one years, he received the degree of Medical Doctor from the Faculty of Columbia College. The subject of his address on that occasion was "Chronic Mania;" and the theories which he then advanced, concerning its cause and cure, have now been long-established facts in medical science.

Soon after young Anderson commenced his professional studies, at the age of about seventeen years, his proficiency in Art had become so great, notwithstanding the many difficulties that lay in his way, that he was employed by William Durell, a bookseller, to copy the illustrations of a popular little English work entitled "The Looking-Glass for the Mind." The engravings that adorned it were made on wood by Bewick, the father of modern wood-engraving. Up to this time Anderson's engravings had been made on type-metal, and he had no idea that wood was used for the purpose. When he had completed about half the illustrations he was informed that Bewick's pictures were engraved on box-wood. He immediately procured some pieces of that wood from a rule-maker's shop, invented proper tools, experimented, and, to his great joy, he found the material much more agreeable to work upon, and more easily managed, than type-metal. Two of these wood blocks, the first ever engraved in America, are in the possession of the writer, somewhat worn by use, and are herewith printed. The first, representing a beggar at a door, is at the head of the little story in "The Looking-Glass," entitled "The Destructive Consequences of Dissipation and Luxury." The second illustrates a part of the story of "William and Amelia."

PRINCE ARTHUR OF ENGLAND.—Photographed by W. Notman, Montreal.—[See Page 87.]

In the first year of his practice of medicine, Dr. Anderson drew and engraved on wood, in a most admirable manner, even when compared with the art at the present day, a full-length human skeleton, from Albinus's "Anatomy," which he enlarged to the length of three feet. This, it is believed, is the largest fine and carefully elaborated engraving on wood ever attempted, and has never been excelled in accuracy of drawing and characteristic execution.

When Dr. Anderson was at the age of twenty-three years his family all died of the yellow-fever. He was attacked while in attendance upon the physician with whom he had studied, and who had been prostrated by it. Both recovered; and Anderson made a voyage to the West Indies, to visit a paternal uncle, Alexander Anderson, who was "the king's botanist" at St. Vincent. On his return, he resolved to abandon the medical profession as a business and devote himself to engraving, for which he had conceived an irrepressible passion. At that time John Roberts, an eccentric Scotchman and friend of Anderson's deceased father, who painted miniatures, etched and engraved on copper, was a clever musician and mathematician, and a competent draughtsman, became his instructor. Anderson preferred wood-engraving; but the demand for it being small, he practiced on copper, and, under Roberts's instruction, gained great proficiency. His skill was well attested by the frontispiece to Robertson's "History of Charles the Fifth," and a portrait of Francis the First. These he engraved in the year 1800 for an edition published in New York by Hopkins. But Roberts's habits were so irregular that Anderson did not remain with him long; and, finally, his master's intemperance compelled him to give up the advantages which he might have derived from that artist's practical suggestions.

Anderson established himself as an engraver soon after leaving Roberts, and up to the year 1820 he used both wood and metal, as occasions required. He illustrated the earliest editions of "Webster's Spelling-Book," which, for about seventy years, has been a leading elementary book in the schools of the United States. Its sale has been enormous, and at one time amounted to about a million of copies a year. In 1857 a new and more fully illustrated edition of that work was published, the engravings executed by Anderson, from drawings by Morgan, one of his pupils, who was about eight years his junior.

During his long and busy life Dr. Anderson

ENGLISH BOY COLONISTS FOR AMERICA.—[See Page 91.]

engraved many thousands of subjects. In the year 1799 he engraved several large copper-plates for JOSEPHUS'S "History of the Jews;" and in 1808 he executed on wood sixty or seventy illustrations for an American edition of BELL'S "Anatomy," copied from the originals, etched by BELL himself. His last engraving in copper was made about the year 1812, to illustrate a quarto Bible. The subject was "The Last Supper," from an English design. From that time he engraved on wood exclusively, and found continual employment until called upon to lay aside every implement of labor forever. Between 1850 and 1855 he engraved forty octavo and forty smaller illustrations of SHAKSPEARE'S plays, from original designs, for COOLEDGE & BROTHER, then the publishers of "Webster's Spelling-Book." They were executed in the substantial and characteristic style of English wood-cuts thirty or forty years previously.

In the spring of 1859, when in the eighty-fifth year of his age, Dr. ANDERSON changed his place of residence, and removed from where he had lived about thirty years. At that time he issued a new business-card, drawn and engraved by himself, with the appropriate motto—FLEXUS NON FRACTUS—"Bent, not broken."

Dr. ANDERSON'S reminiscences of the past were extremely vivid, and his relations of them were very instructive. They extended back to the closing scenes of the Revolution. With most of the literary and professional men in New York in the early part of this century he was very familiar, and was beloved by all for his sterling virtues. The writer has heard the late WASHINGTON IRVING speak of him in a most affectionate manner, as one of the earliest friends of his youth, and from whom, when IRVING was a lad, he learned to play the flageolet.

At the time of his death Dr. ANDERSON was in the ninety-fifth year of his age. In person he was a little below the medium height, rather thick-set, and presented a countenance always beaming with benevolent and kindly feeling. He was extremely regular and temperate in his habits. "I would not sit up after ten o'clock at night," he used to say, "to see an angel." He was genial in thought and conversation, and uncommonly modest and retiring. It was not without much persuasion from the writer that he consented, several years ago, to sit for the daguerreotype from which our portrait was copied, and which he himself engraved when he was past the eightieth year of his age.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

TOUCHING IT.

As soon as the general stupefaction was allayed, the general incredulity asserted itself as a matter of course.

The man who first declared that "seeing" was "believing" laid his finger (whether he knew it himself or not) on one of the fundamental follies of humanity. The easiest of all evidence to receive is the evidence that requires no other judgment to decide on it than the judgment of the eye—and it will be, on that account, the evidence which humanity is most ready to credit, as long as humanity lasts. The eyes of every body looked at Geoffrey; and the judgment of every body decided, on the evidence there visible, that the surgeon must be wrong. Lady Lundie herself (disturbed over her dinner invitations) led the general protest. "Mr. Delamayn in broken health!" she exclaimed, appealing to the better sense of her eminent medical guest. "Really, now, you can't expect us to believe that!"

Stung into action for the second time by the startling assertion of which he had been made the subject, Geoffrey rose, and looked the surgeon, steadily and insolently, straight in the face.

"Do you mean what you say?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You point me out before all these people—"

"One moment, Mr. Delamayn. I admit that I may have been wrong in directing the general attention to you. You have a right to complain of my having answered too publicly the public challenge offered to me by your friends. I apologize for having done that. But I don't retract a single word of what I have said on the subject of your health."

"You stick to it that I'm a broken-down man?"

"I do."

"I wish you were twenty years younger, Sir?"

"Why?"

"I'd ask you to step out on the lawn there; and I'd show you whether I'm a broken-down man or not."

Lady Lundie looked at her brother-in-law. Sir Patrick instantly interfered.

"Mr. Delamayn," he said, "you were invited here in the character of a gentleman, and you are a guest in a lady's house."

"No! no!" said the surgeon, good-humoredly. "Mr. Delamayn is using a strong argument, Sir Patrick—and that is all. If I *were* twenty years younger," he went on, addressing himself to Geoffrey, "and if I *did* step out on the lawn with you, the result wouldn't affect the question between us in the least. I don't say that the violent bodily exercises in which you are famous have damaged your muscular power. I assert that they have damaged your vital power. In what particular way they have affected it I don't consider myself bound to tell you. I simply give you a warning, as a matter of common humanity. You will do well to be content with the success you have already achieved in the field of athletic pursuits, and to alter your mode of life for the future. Accept my excuses, once more, for having said this publicly instead of privately—and don't forget my warning."

He turned to move away to another part of the room. Geoffrey fairly forced him to return to the subject.

"Wait a bit," he said. "You have had your innings. My turn now. I can't give it words as you do; but I can come to the point. And, by the Lord, I'll fix you to it! In ten days or a fortnight from this I'm going into training for the Foot-Race at Fulham. Do you say I shall break down?"

"You will probably get through your training."

"Shall I get through the race?"

"You may *possibly* get through the race. But if you do—"

"If I do?"

"You will never run another."

"And never row in another match?"

"Never."

"I have been asked to row in the Race, next spring; and I have said I will. Do you tell me, in so many words, that I sha'n't be able to do it?"

"Yes—in so many words."

"Positively?"

"Positively."

"Back your opinion!" cried Geoffrey, tearing his betting-book out of his pocket. "I lay you an even hundred I'm in fit condition to row in the University Match next spring."

"I don't bet, Mr. Delamayn."

With that final reply the surgeon walked away to the other end of the library. Lady Lundie (taking Blanche in custody) withdrew, at the same time, to return to the serious business of her invitations for the dinner. Geoffrey turned defiantly, book in hand, to his college friends about him. The British blood was up; and the British resolution to bet, which successfully defies common decency and common law from one end of the country to the other, was not to be trifled with.

"Come on!" cried Geoffrey. "Back the doctor, one of you!"

Sir Patrick rose in undisguised disgust, and followed the surgeon. One, Two, and Three, invited to business by their illustrious friend, shook their thick heads at him knowingly, and answered with one accord, in one eloquent word—"Gammon!"

"One of *you* back him!" persisted Geoffrey, appealing to the two choral gentlemen in the back-ground, with his temper fast rising to fever heat. The two choral gentlemen compared notes, as usual. "We weren't born yesterday, Smith?" "Not if we know it, Jones."

"Smith!" said Geoffrey, with a sudden assumption of politeness ominous of something unpleasant to come.

Smith said "Yes?"—with a smile.

"Jones!"

Jones said "Yes?"—with a reflection of Smith.

"You're a couple of infernal cads—and you haven't got a hundred pound between you!"

"Come! come!" said Arnold, interfering for the first time. "This is shameful, Geoffrey!"

"Why the"—(never mind what!)—"won't they any of them take the bet?"

"If you must be a fool," returned Arnold, a little irritably on his side, "and if nothing else will keep you quiet, *I'll* take the bet."

"An even hundred on the doctor!" cried Geoffrey. "Done with you!"

His highest aspirations were satisfied; his temper was in perfect order again. He entered the bet in his book; and made his excuses to Smith and Jones in the heartiest way. "No offense, old chaps! Shake hands!" The two choral gentlemen were enchanted with him. "The English aristocracy—eh, Smith?" "Blood and breeding—ah, Jones!"

As soon as he had spoken, Arnold's conscience reproached him: not for betting (who is ashamed of *that* form of gambling in England?), but for "backing the doctor." With the best intention toward his friend, he was speculating on the failure of his friend's health. He anxiously assured Geoffrey that no man in the room could be more heartily persuaded that the surgeon was wrong than himself. "I don't cry off from the bet," he said. "But, my dear fellow, pray understand that I only take it to please *you*."

"Bother all that!" answered Geoffrey, with the steady eye to business, which was one of the choicest virtues in his character. "A bet's a bet—and hang your sentiment!" He drew Arnold by the arm out of ear-shot of the others. "I say!" he asked, anxiously. "Do you think I've set the old fogy's back up?"

"Do you mean Sir Patrick?"

Geoffrey nodded, and went on.

"I haven't put that little matter to him yet—about marrying in Scotland, you know. Suppose he cuts up rough with me if I try him now?" His eye wandered cunningly, as he put the question, to the farther end of the room. The surgeon was looking over a port-folio of prints. The ladies were still at work on their notes of invitation. Sir Patrick was alone at the book-shelves, immersed in a volume which he had just taken down.

"Make an apology," suggested Arnold. "Sir Patrick may be a little irritable and bitter; but he's a just man and a kind man. Say you were not guilty of any intentional disrespect toward him—and you will say enough."

"All right!"

Sir Patrick, deep in an old Venetian edition of The Decameron, found himself suddenly recalled from medieval Italy to modern England, by no less a person than Geoffrey Delamayn.

"What do you want?" he asked, coldly.

"I want to make an apology," said Geoffrey. "Let by-gones be by-gones—and that sort of thing. I wasn't guilty of any intentional disrespect toward you. Forgive and forget. Not half a bad motto, Sir—eh?"

It was clumsily expressed—but still it was an apology. Not even Geoffrey could appeal to Sir Patrick's courtesy and Sir Patrick's consideration in vain.

"Not a word more, Mr. Delamayn!" said the polite old man. "Accept my excuses for any thing which I may have said too sharply, on my side; and let us by all means forget the rest."

Having met the advance made to him, in those terms, he paused, expecting Geoffrey to leave him free to return to the Decameron. To his unutterable astonishment, Geoffrey suddenly stooped over him, and whispered in his ear, "I want a word in private with you."

Sir Patrick started back, as if Geoffrey had tried to bite him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Delamayn—what did you say?"

"Could you give me a word in private?"

Sir Patrick put back the Decameron; and bowed in freezing silence. The confidence of the Honorable Geoffrey Delamayn was the last confidence in the world into which he desired to be drawn. "This is the secret of the apology!" he thought. "What can he possibly want with Me?"

"It's about a friend of mine," pursued Geoffrey; leading the way toward one of the windows. "He's in a scrape, my friend is. And I want to ask your advice. It's strictly private, you know." There he came to a full stop—and looked to see what impression he had produced, so far.

Sir Patrick declined, either by word or gesture, to exhibit the slightest anxiety to hear a word more.

"Would you mind taking a turn in the garden?" asked Geoffrey.

Sir Patrick pointed to his lame foot. "I have had my allowance of walking this morning," he said. "Let my infirmity excuse me."

Geoffrey looked about him for a substitute for the garden, and led the way back again toward one of the convenient curtained recesses opening out of the inner wall of the library. "We shall be private enough here," he said.

Sir Patrick made a final effort to escape the proposed conference—an undisguised effort, this time.

"Pray forgive me, Mr. Delamayn. Are you quite sure that you apply to the right person, in applying to *me?*"

"You're a Scotch lawyer, ain't you!"

"Certainly."

"And you understand about Scotch marriages—eh?"

Sir Patrick's manner suddenly altered.

"Is *that* the subject you wish to consult me on?" he asked.

"It's not me. It's my friend."

"Your friend, then?"

"Yes. It's a scrape with a woman. Here, in Scotland. My friend don't know whether he's married to her or not."

"I am at your service, Mr. Delamayn."

To Geoffrey's relief—by no means unmixed with surprise—Sir Patrick not only showed no further reluctance to be consulted by him, but actually advanced to meet his wishes, by leading the way to the recess that was nearest to them. The quick brain of the old lawyer had put Geoffrey's application to him for assistance, and Blanche's application to him for assistance, together; and had built its own theory on the basis thus obtained. "Do I see a connection between the present position of Blanche's governess, and the present position of Mr. Delamayn's 'friend?'" thought Sir Patrick. "Stranger extremes than *that* have met me in my experience. Something may come out of this."

The two strangely-assorted companions seated themselves, one on each side of a little table in the recess. Arnold and the other guests had idled out again on to the lawn. The surgeon with his prints, and the ladies with their invitations, were safely absorbed in a distant part of the library. The conference between the two men, so trifling in appearance, so terrible in its destined influence, not over Anne's future only, but over the future of Arnold and Blanche, was, to all practical purposes, a conference with closed doors.

"Now;" said Sir Patrick, "what is the question?"

"The question," said Geoffrey, "is whether my friend is married to her or not?"

"Did he mean to marry her?"

"No."

"He being a single man, and she being a single woman, at the time? And both in Scotland?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Now tell me the circumstances."

Geoffrey hesitated. The art of stating circumstances implies the cultivation of a very rare gift—the gift of arranging ideas. No one was better acquainted with this truth than Sir Patrick. He was purposely puzzling Geoffrey at starting, under the firm conviction that his client had something to conceal from him. The one process that could be depended on for extracting the truth, under those circumstances, was the process of interrogation. If Geoffrey was submitted to it, at the outset, his cunning might take the alarm. Sir Patrick's object was to make the man himself invite interrogation, Geoffrey invited it forthwith, by attempting to state the circumstances, and by involving them in the usual confusion. Sir Patrick waited until he had thoroughly lost the thread of his narrative—and then played for the winning trick.

"Would it be easier to you if I asked a few questions?" he inquired, innocently.

"Much easier."

"I am quite at your service. Suppose we clear the ground to begin with? Are you at liberty to mention names?"

"No."

"Places?"

"No."

"Dates?"

"Do you want me to be particular?"

"Be as particular as you can."

"Will it do, if I say the present year?"

"Yes. Were your friend and the lady—at some time in the present year—traveling together in Scotland?"

"No."

"Living together in Scotland?"

"No."

"What *were* they doing together in Scotland?"

"Well—they were meeting each other at an inn."

"Oh? They were meeting each other at an inn. Which was first at the rendezvous?"

"The woman was first. Stop a bit! We are getting to it now." He produced from his pocket the written memorandum of Arnold's proceedings at Craig Fernie, which he had taken down from Arnold's own lips. "I've got a bit of note here," he went on. "Perhaps, you'd like to have a look at it?"

Sir Patrick took the note—read it rapidly through to himself—then re-read it, sentence by sentence, to Geoffrey; using it as a text to speak from, in making further inquiries.

"'He asked for her by the name of his wife, at the door,'" read Sir Patrick. "Meaning, I presume, the door of the inn? Had the lady previously given herself out as a married woman to the people of the inn?"

"Yes."

"How long had she been at the inn before the gentleman joined her?"

"Only an hour or so."

"Did she give a name?"

"I can't be quite sure—I should say not."

"Did the gentleman give a name?"

"No. I'm certain *he* didn't."

Sir Patrick returned to the memorandum.

"'He said at dinner, before the landlady and the waiter, I take these rooms for my wife. He made *her* say he was her husband, at the same time.' Was that done jocosely, Mr. Delamayn—either by the lady or the gentleman?"

"No. It was done in downright earnest."

"You mean it was done to look like earnest, and so to deceive the landlady and the waiter?"

"Yes."

Sir Patrick returned to the memorandum.

"'After that, he stopped all night.' Stopped in the rooms he had taken for himself and his wife?"

"Yes."

"And what happened the next day?"

"He went away. Wait a bit! Said he had business for an excuse."

"That is to say, he kept up the deception with the people of the inn? and left the lady behind him, in the character of his wife?"

"That's it."

"Did he go back to the inn?"

"No."

"How long did the lady stay there, after he had gone?"

"She staid—well, she staid a few days."

"And your friend has not seen her since?"

"No."

"Are your friend and the lady English or Scotch?"

"Both English.

"At the time when they met at the inn, had they either of them arrived in Scotland, from the place in which they were previously living, within a period of less than twenty-one days?"

Geoffrey hesitated. There could be no difficulty in answering for Anne. Lady Lundie and her domestic circle had occupied Windygates for a much longer period than three weeks before the date of the lawn-party. The question, as it affected Arnold, was the only question that required reflection. After searching his memory for details of the conversation which had taken place between them, when he and Arnold had met at the lawn-party, Geoffrey recalled a certain reference on the part of his friend to a performance at the Edinburgh theatre, which at once decided the question of time. Arnold had been necessarily detained in Edinburgh, before his arrival at Windygates, by legal business connected with his inheritance; and he, like Anne, had certainly been in Scotland, before they met at Craig Fernie, for a longer period than a period of three weeks. He accordingly informed Sir Patrick that the lady and gentleman had been in Scotland for more than twenty-one days—and then added a question on his own behalf: "Don't let me hurry you, Sir—but, shall you soon have done?"

"I shall have done, after two more questions," answered Sir Patrick. "Am I to understand that the lady claims, on the strength of the circumstances which you have mentioned to me, to be your friend's wife?"

Geoffrey made an affirmative reply. The readiest means of obtaining Sir Patrick's opinion was, in this case, to answer, Yes. In other words, to represent Anne (in the character of "the lady") as claiming to be married to Arnold (in the character of "his friend").

Having made this concession to circumstances, he was, at the same time, quite cunning enough to see that it was of vital importance to the purpose which he had in view, to confine himself strictly to this one perversion of the truth. There could be plainly no depending on the lawyer's opinion, unless that opinion was given on

the facts exactly as they had occurred at the inn. To the facts he had, thus far, carefully adhered; and to the facts (with the one inevitable departure from them which had been just forced on him) he determined to adhere to the end.

"Did no letters pass between the lady and gentleman?" pursued Sir Patrick.

"None that I know of," answered Geoffrey, steadily returning to the truth.

"I have done, Mr. Delamayn."

"Well? and what's your opinion?"

"Before I give my opinion I am bound to preface it by a personal statement which you are not to take, if you please, as a statement of the law. You ask me to decide—on the facts with which you have supplied me—whether your friend is, according to the law of Scotland, married or not?"

Geoffrey nodded. "That's it!" he said, eagerly.

"My experience, Mr. Delamayn, is that any single man, in Scotland, may marry any single woman, at any time, and under any circumstances. In short, after thirty years' practice as a lawyer, I don't know what is *not* a marriage in Scotland."

"In plain English," said Geoffrey, "you mean she's his wife?"

In spite of his cunning; in spite of his self-command, his eyes brightened as he said those words. And the tone in which he spoke—though too carefully guarded to be a tone of triumph—was, to a fine ear, unmistakably a tone of relief.

Neither the look nor the tone was lost on Sir Patrick.

His first suspicion, when he sat down to the conference, had been the obvious suspicion that, in speaking of "his friend," Geoffrey was speaking of himself. But, like all lawyers, he habitually distrusted first impressions, his own included. His object, thus far, had been to solve the problem of Geoffrey's true position and Geoffrey's real motive. He had set the snare accordingly, and had caught his bird.

It was now plain to his mind—first, that this man who was consulting him, was, in all probability, really speaking of the case of another person: secondly, that he had an interest (of what nature it was impossible yet to say) in satisfying his own mind that "his friend" was, by the law of Scotland, indisputably a married man. Having penetrated to that extent the secret which Geoffrey was concealing from him, he abandoned the hope of making any further advance at that present sitting. The next question to clear up in the investigation, was the question of who the anonymous "lady" might be. And the next discovery to make was, whether "the lady" could, or could not, be identified with Anne Silvester. Pending the inevitable delay in reaching that result, the straight course was (in Sir Patrick's present state of uncertainty) the only course to follow in laying down the law. He at once took the question of the marriage in hand—with no concealment whatever, as to the legal bearings of it, from the client who was consulting him.

"Don't rush to conclusions, Mr. Delamayn," he said. "I have only told you what my general experience is thus far. My professional opinion on the special case of your friend has not been given yet."

Geoffrey's face clouded again. Sir Patrick carefully noted the new change in it.

"The law of Scotland," he went on, "so far as it relates to Irregular Marriages, is an outrage on common decency and common-sense. If you think my language in thus describing it too strong—I can refer you to the language of a judicial authority. Lord Deas delivered a recent judgment of marriage in Scotland, from the bench, in these words: 'Consent makes marriage. No form or ceremony, civil or religious; no notice before, or publication after; no cohabitation, no writing, no witnesses even, are essential to the constitution of this, the most important contract which two persons can enter into.'—There is a Scotch judge's own statement of the law that he administers! Observe, at the same time, if you please, that we make full legal provision in Scotland for contracts affecting the sale of houses and lands, horses and dogs. The only contract which we leave without safeguards or precautions of any sort is the contract that unites a man and a woman for life. As for the authority of parents, and the innocence of children, our law recognizes no claim on it either in the one case or in the other. A girl of twelve and a boy of fourteen have nothing to do but to cross the Border, and to be married—without the interposition of the slightest delay or restraint, and without the slightest attempt to inform their parents on the part of the Scotch law. As to the marriages of men and women, even the mere interchange of consent which, as you have just heard, makes them man and wife, is not required to be directly proved: it may be proved by inference. And, more even than that, whatever the law for its consistency may presume, men and women are, in point of fact, held to be married in Scotland where consent has never been interchanged, and where the parties do not even know that they are legally held to be married persons. Are you sufficiently confused about the law of Irregular Marriages in Scotland by this time, Mr. Delamayn? And have I said enough to justify the strong language I used when I undertook to describe it to you?"

"Who's that 'authority' you talked of just now?" inquired Geoffrey. "Couldn't I ask *him*?"

"You might find him flatly contradicted, if you did ask him, by another authority equally learned and equally eminent," answered Sir Patrick. "I am not joking—I am only stating facts. Have you heard of the Queen's Commission?"

"No."

"Then listen to this. In March, 'sixty-five, the Queen appointed a Commission to inquire into the Marriage-Laws of the United Kingdom. The Report of that Commission is published in London; and is accessible to any body who chooses to pay the price of two or three shillings for it. One of the results of the inquiry was, the discovery that high authorities were of entirely contrary opinions on one of the vital questions of Scottish marriage-law. And the Commissioners, in announcing that fact, add that the question of which opinion is right is still disputed, and has never been made the subject of legal decision. Authorities are every where at variance throughout the Report. A haze of doubt and uncertainty hangs in Scotland over the most important contract of civilized life. If no other reason existed for reforming the Scotch marriage-law, there would be reason enough afforded by that one fact. An uncertain marriage-law is a national calamity."

"You can tell me what you think yourself about my friend's case—can't you?" said Geoffrey, still holding obstinately to the end that he had in view.

"Certainly. Now that I have given you due warning of the danger of implicitly relying on any individual opinion, I may give *my* opinion with a clear conscience. I say that there has *not* been a positive marriage in this case. There has been evidence in favor of possibly establishing a marriage—nothing more."

The distinction here was far too fine to be appreciated by Geoffrey's mind. He frowned heavily, in bewilderment and disgust.

"Not married!" he exclaimed, "when they said they were man and wife, before witnesses?"

"That is a common popular error," said Sir Patrick. "As I have already told you, witnesses are not legally necessary to make a marriage in Scotland. They are only valuable—as in this case—to help, at some future time, in proving a marriage that is in dispute."

Geoffrey caught at the last words.

"The landlady and the waiter *might* make it out to be a marriage, then?" he said.

"Yes. And, remember, if you choose to apply to one of my professional colleagues, he might possibly tell you they were married already. A state of the law which allows the interchange of matrimonial consent to be proved by inference leaves a wide door open to conjecture. Your friend refers to a certain lady, in so many words, as his wife. The lady refers to your friend, in so many words, as her husband. In the rooms which they have taken, as man and wife, they remain, as man and wife, till the next morning. Your friend goes away, without undeceiving any body. The lady stays at the inn, for some days after, in the character of his wife. And all these circumstances take place in the presence of competent witnesses. Logically—if not legally—there is apparently an inference of the interchange of matrimonial consent here. I stick to my own opinion, nevertheless. Evidence in proof of a marriage (I say)—nothing more."

While Sir Patrick had been speaking, Geoffrey had been considering with himself. By dint of hard thinking he had found his way to a decisive question on his side.

"Look here!" he said, dropping his heavy hand down on the table. "I want to bring you to book, Sir! Suppose my friend had another lady in his eye?"

"Yes?"

"As things are now—would you advise him to marry her?"

"As things are now—certainly not!"

Geoffrey got briskly on his legs, and closed the interview.

"That will do," he said, "for him and for me."

With those words he walked back, without ceremony, into the main thoroughfare of the room.

"I don't know who your friend is," thought Sir Patrick, looking after him. "But if your interest in the question of his marriage is an honest and a harmless interest, I know no more of human nature than the babe unborn!"

Immediately on leaving Sir Patrick, Geoffrey was encountered by one of the servants in search of him.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," began the man. "The groom from the Honorable Mr. Delamayn's—"

"Yes? The fellow who brought me a note from my brother this morning?"

"He's expected back, Sir—he's afraid he mustn't wait any longer."

"Come here, and I'll give you the answer for him."

He led the way to the writing-table, and referred to Julius's letter again. He ran his eye carelessly over it, until he reached the final lines: "Come to-morrow, and help us to receive Mrs. Glenarm." For a while he paused, with his eye fixed on that sentence; and with the happiness of three people—of Anne, who had loved him; of Arnold, who had served him; of Blanche, guiltless of injuring him—resting on the decision that guided his movements for the next day. After what had passed that morning between Arnold and Blanche, if he remained at Lady Lundie's, he had no alternative but to perform his promise to Anne. If he returned to his brother's house, he had no alternative but to desert Anne, on the infamous pretext that she was Arnold's wife.

He suddenly tossed the letter away from him on the table, and snatched a sheet of note-paper out of the writing-case. "Here goes for Mrs. Glenarm!" he said to himself; and wrote back to his brother, in one line: "Dear Julius, Expect me to-morrow. G. D." The impassible man-servant stood by while he wrote, looking at his magnificent breadth of chest, and thinking what a glorious "staying-power" was there for the last terrible mile of the coming race.

"There you are!" he said, and handed his note to the man.

"All right, Geoffrey?" asked a friendly voice behind him.

He turned—and saw Arnold, anxious for news of the consultation with Sir Patrick.

"Yes," he said. "All right."

NOTE.—There are certain readers who feel a disposition to doubt Facts, when they meet with them in a work of fiction. Persons of this way of thinking may be profitably referred to the book which first suggested to me the idea of writing the present Novel. The book is the Report of the Royal Commissioners on The Laws of Marriage. Published by the Queen's Printers. For her Majesty's Stationery Office. (London, 1868.) What Sir Patrick says professionally of Scotch Marriages in this chapter is taken from this high authority. What the lawyer (in the Prologue) says professionally of Irish Marriages is also derived from the same source. It is needless to encumber these pages with quotations. But as a means of satisfying my readers that they may depend on me, I subjoin an extract from my list of references to the Report of the Marriage Commission, which any persons who may be so inclined can verify for themselves.

Irish Marriages (in the Prologue).—See Report, pages XII., XIII., XXIV.

Irregular Marriages in Scotland.—Statement of the law by Lord Deas. Report, page XVI.—Marriages of children of tender years. Examination of Mr. Muirhead by Lord Chelmsford (Question 689).—Interchange of consent, established by inference. Examination of Mr. Muirhead by the Lord Justice Clerk (Question 654).—Marriage where consent has never been interchanged. Observations of Lord Deas. Report, page XIX.—Contradiction of opinions between authorities. Report, pages XIX. XX., Legal provision for the sale of horses and dogs. No legal provision for the marriage of men and women. Mr. Seeton's Remarks. Report, page XXX.—Conclusion of the Commissioners. In spite of the arguments advanced before them in favor of not interfering with Irregular Marriages in Scotland, the Commissioners declare their opinion that "Such marriages ought not to continue." (Report, page XXXIV.)

In reference to the arguments (alluded to above) in favor of allowing the present disgraceful state of things to continue, I find them resting mainly on these grounds: That Scotland doesn't like being interfered with by England (!). That Irregular Marriages cost nothing (!!). That they are diminishing in number, and may therefore be trusted, in course of time, to exhaust themselves (!!!). That they act, on certain occasions, in the capacity of a moral trap to catch a profligate man (!!!!). Such is the elevated point of view from which the Institution of Marriage is regarded by some of the most pious and learned men in Scotland. A legal enactment providing for the sale of your wife, when you have done with her, or of your husband, when you "really can't put up with him any longer," appears to be all that is wanting to render this North British estimate of the "Estate of Matrimony" practically complete. It is only fair to add that, of the witnesses giving evidence—oral and written—before the Commissioners, fully one-half regard the Irregular Marriages of Scotland from the Christian and the civilized point of view, and entirely agree with the authoritative conclusion already cited—that such marriages ought to be abolished. W. C.

ENFORCING THE WHISKY LAWS IN WEST VIRGINIA.

THE mountains of West Virginia, covered with forest and traversed by few roads, offer tempting facilities to those who engage in the illicit distillation of whisky, and the revenue officers of the United States experience great difficulty in hunting up their establishments and enforcing the laws. The stills are generally located in some very secluded ravine, to be reached by an obscure bridle-path only; and as the distillers are hardly one degree removed from banditti, many of them having been rebel guerrillas, and regard revenue officers as natural enemies, the latter are frequently compelled to call upon the military for assistance when making a raid upon a well-defended still. Our illustration on page 84 represents the seizure of such an establishment, and was made by our artist from an actual scene.

THE PEABODY FUNERAL CAR.

WHEN it was decided that the body of the late Mr. GEORGE PEABODY was to be transported over the Eastern Railroad from Portland, the Directors of the road selected a car of the latest pattern to be fitted up for reception of the remains. The decoration was intrusted to the taste and experience of Colonel WILLIAM BEALE, of Boston. The car, of which we give a view, with the rest of the funeral train, on page 84, is a model of elegant construction. It is 24 feet long and 7 feet wide, and the height of the floor from the ground is 5 feet 7 inches. It is carpeted in black and green, and is draped throughout with black and white alpaca. The interior of the roof is hung with gracefully drooping folds of alternate black and white, blending near the ends of the car with the colors of the American and English flags. Between the roof and the tops of the windows is an elaborate succession of pleasing designs, and the drapery of the windows is looped back in diamond form. The ends of the car are partitioned off with heavy black curtains, relieved and looped back with white folds. The doors are draped outside and in, the upper half matching the decoration of the windows. In the centre of the car is a magnificent dais, 10 feet long, covered with black velvet, festooned with silver bullion fringe, tassels, and rosettes, and bound with heavy silver lace. The effect of the interior, as seen from the doorway, is very solemn and imposing, and reflects great credit upon the designer. The exterior is draped at the sides and ends, and is in harmony with the interior. Two other cars are to be decorated less elaborately for the funeral cortége—long bands of black extending in graceful curves from point to point of the roof, relieved by bows of white at the intersections, and festoons of white and black at the sides.

The engine selected to draw the funeral train is the splendid machine which, by a singular coincidence, was named the "George Peabody," in honor of a gentleman of Salem, a former President of the road. Bands of alternate white and black cover the boiler, converging in a rosette at the extremity of the cow-catcher. The steam-dome and sand-box are draped with black velvet, studded with silver stars, and trimmed with white fringe. The bell is muffled with black crape. The sides of the tender and driver's cab are ornamented with rows of festoons, bows, and streamers. The flag-staffs at the front carry, on opposite sides, the cross of St. George and the Stars and Stripes, draped with black crape, the *tout ensemble* giving an effect of sombre richness.

PRINCE ARTHUR IN THE UNITED STATES.

PRINCE ARTHUR, who arrived in Canada last August for the purpose of joining the regiment to which he is attached, and which is now stationed in that country, is now on a visit to the United States, partly to attend the funeral of the late Mr. PEABODY, and partly to take a look at Washington while Congress is in session. He is the seventh child and third son of Queen VICTORIA, and is now about nineteen years old—very nearly of the same age that his brother, the Prince of Wales, was when he visited this country about nine years ago. Our portrait of the Prince on page 85 shows him to be a pleasant-looking young gentleman, with features very unlike those of his elder brother. The London *Times*, referring to the Prince's visit, expresses the hope that it may be productive of happy results in bringing both countries to a more cordial understanding.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

EVERY body has to be interviewed nowadays, either in person or by proxy, by the enterprising "gentlemen of the press." One of these press-men, it is said, unable to get at Prince Arthur, who was taking a quiet lunch at the Brevoort House in New York in company with the British Minister and Colonel Elphinstone, undertook to perform his duty to the public in the next best possible way. Accosting a colored gentleman who, napkin on arm, was leaving the Prince's room, he said:

"I believe, Sir, that you have just been serving his Royal Highness?"

"Yes, Sah, I have had dat honor."

"You heard the conversation?"

"Yes, Sah, every word."

"My dear friend, you are just the gentleman I want to see;" and he pressed the hand of the waiter, which hand was immediately seen approaching his vest-pocket. "Now, my dear Sir, what did the Prince say? Did he say any thing about the Queen, when he heard from her, and how she was?"

"He didn't say nuffin 'bout the Queen."

"Any thing about the *Alabama*?"

"No, Sah. I don't b'lieve he knows any thing 'bout ole Alabam."

"Did he tell what he was going to say to President Grant?"

"No, Sah. Didn't mention Mass Grant's name."

"Did he say how he liked the American people?"

"No, Sah. Didn't say any thing about the Americans."

"Did he tell what he thought about New York?"

"No, Sah. Not a word 'bout New York."

"Well then, my dear fellow, what did he say? and what did they all say?"

"Well den, the Prince he says: 'I say, Thornton, dem oysters is jolly nice.' 'I t'inks so too,' says Mass Thornton. 'Dem's my sentiments 'zackly,' says t'other gemman; an' dat's every word dey said, on'y the Prince told me to bring a jolly lot more of 'em; an' I'm jess going to get 'em. Good-mornin', Sah."

And that was the end of the "interview."

A school visitor lately gave a teacher the following sentence to spell: "Robert Wright, the beautiful writer of Wrightville, down in Torrington, claims the exclusive right to write the rites and ceremonies of his church, and has secured a copyright for his writings; but Henry Wright, the writing-master, also writes those rites: now is it honorable for the Right Honorable Henry Wright boldly to write himself upright in the presence of the right-handed wheelwright, Robert Wright?"

"You can't stand there," said a watchman to a thin man in a suit of rusty black, who was endeavoring to maintain a favorable position for viewing a late fire; "you must come down, Sir." "Allow me to remain, if you please; I am a reporter, and it is necessary I should see what is going on." "I don't care," responded the guardian; "if ye want a report of it you'll see it in all the papers to-morrow."

At a recent examination of a Scotch farmer, on his sister entering the box to be examined, the following conversation took place between her and the opposing agent:

AGENT. "How old are you?"

MISS JANE. "Oh, weel, Sir, I am an unmarried woman, and I dinna think it richt to answer that question."

THE JUDGE. "Oh yes, answer the gentleman how old you are."

MISS JANE. "Weel a weel, I am fifty."

AGENT. "Are you not more?"

MISS JANE. "Weel, I am sixty."

The inquisitive agent still further asked if she had any hopes of getting married, to which she replied: "Weel, Sir, I widna surely tell a lie; I hinna lost all hope yet." And she scornfully added: "But I widna marry you, for I am sick and tired o' your palaver already."

The examination proceeded.

Let each one strive with all his might
To be a decent man,
And love his brother as himself—
Upon the golden plan;
And if his neighbor chance to be
A pretty female woman,
Why love her all the more—you see
That's only acting human.

A pompous clergyman once said to a chubby-faced lad, who was passing him without raising his hat, "Do you know who I am, Sir, that you pass me in this unmannerly way? You are better fed than taught, I think." "Wa'al, maybe it be so, mistur," said the boy, "fur you teaches me, an' I feeds myself."

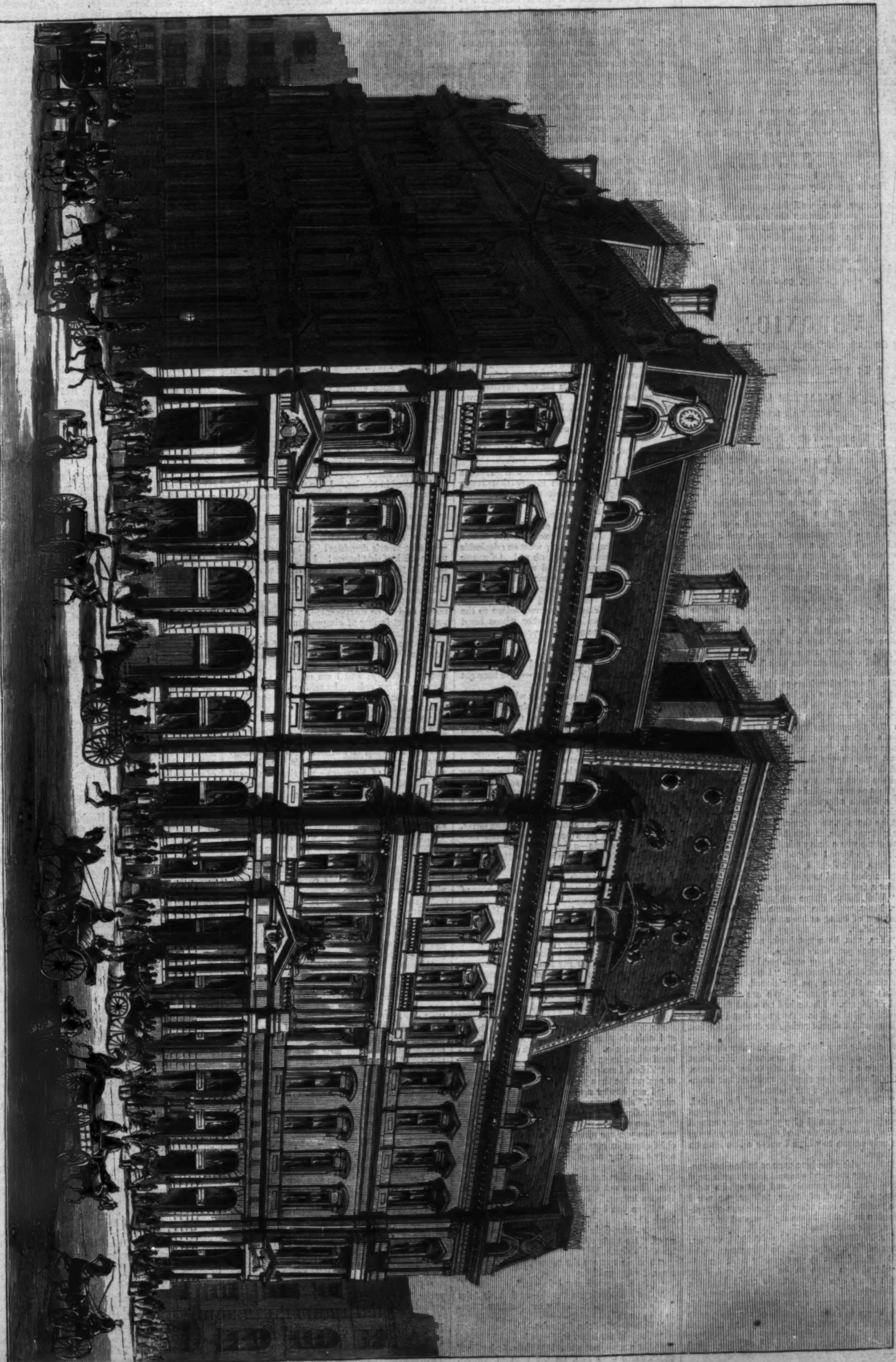
An Alabama young lady, caught smoking a cigar, gave as her reason that "it made it smell as though there was a man around."

A Down-East paper says that persuasive and humbugging agents are about in that region selling lightning-rods. One old lady told an agent she had no fear of lightning, but she had always been afraid of thunder. "Just so," he replied, "we can meet your case exactly. The square rods are *lightning*-rods, and the round ones *thunder*-rods." Of course she is now "protected."

A lady has a Sunday-school class in one of the churches. Two brothers attend it alternately. One Sunday the lady asked one of the boys if he would be there on the following Sunday. "Oh no," says he, "I can't; it's my turn to saw wood."

A lady who drew a gent's wrapper at the fair a few evenings since, now wants to draw a man to put in it.

FROZEN IN.—[SEE PAGE 91.]



THE NEW POST-OFFICE AND SUB-TREASURY BUILDING, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 91.]

LOVE-CRAFT.

OH love, to-day we found a way
To be as happy as the hours:
We climbed the hill, to where the still
Gray rocks smile with the flowers.
The soft wind's breath, the sea beneath,
They made for us a pleasant sound:
With love's words low, made tenderer so,
The happy hours were crowned.

Love is so strange, with wane and change,
His mood is subtle as the air:
Through long vague years of joy and tears
You never looked so fair.
I never knew your eyes more blue,
Your voice flow with so sweet a tone.
Full of my bliss, I know this is
The happiest day we've known.

To-morrow, then, we'll find again
Those rocks between the sea and sky.
To-morrow will prove happier still!
Nay, love, to-day, good-by.
We'll let love rest thus at its best,
We will not dare to tempt delight:
I kiss your brow, and we'll part now:
Dear love, good-by, good-night!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER I.

TEMPTATION.

BY the end of March Veronica arrived in England. The news of Sir John's death and of her marriage had, of course, preceded her thither. Telegrams and letters had been sent to Mr. Lane, the agent, in the name of the self-styled Lady Tallis Gale. But besides these, there had come to Mr. Lane a letter from Paul. The agent had lost no time in communicating with the inheritor of the late baronet's estate and title. This was an elderly bachelor who had made a small competence in trade, and had retired from business, and was living obscurely in a suburb of the large manufacturing town in which his life had been passed. Sir John had as much as possible ignored his plebeian connections; and, without ever having set eyes on him, detested his presumptive successor. Mr. Matthew Tallis, or, as he must henceforward be styled, Sir Matthew Tallis Gale, had hastened to London, and had had a meeting with Mr. Lane; and Mr. Lane had seen Sir Matthew's lawyer; and they were all three prepared to meet and discuss matters with Veronica's legal adviser.

Mr. Frost had written to his partner, stating that he should be in England on the twenty-fifth of March. But the fact was, that he arrived three days sooner than that date. And one of his first proceedings was to go to Mrs. Lockwood's house in Gower Street. The yellow window-blinds that had been drawn closely down between the day of Lady Tallis's death and that of her funeral were now again raised; and the front rooms were pervious to as much daylight as ever visited that side of Gower Street on a March afternoon. The little parlor into which Mr. Frost was shown looked neat as ever, but, he thought, very threadbare and poor. The air in it was close, though it was a chilly raw day. And there was a heavy silence in the house.

Mrs. Lockwood entered the room with her noiseless, light footfall, and touched Mr. Frost's outstretched hand very coldly with her fingers.

For a few moments neither spoke.

"Well, Zillah, I have got back, you see," said Mr. Frost, with the slightest possible overassumption of being at his ease, and in the superior position.

"Yes, you have got back, and I hope you bring some good news for me."

"I hope you bring some good news for me," repeated Mrs. Lockwood. "I have waited longer than the time you mentioned. You said, 'Wait until the winter.' We are now at the end of March. I have had no word from you directly, all this time. And now that I see you it is natural I should recall our conversation last summer."

She spoke very dryly, and with more than her ordinary deliberation of manner. Mr. Frost seized on an unimportant twig of her discourse, so to speak, hoping thereby to divert her attention from the root of the matter.

"You had no word from me!" he echoed, knitting his anxious forehead. "Why, I begged Georgina to come and give you my news several times. I was busy, day and night. My wife was the only person to whom I wrote a line save on business."

"Your wife came here once or twice—not specially to see me—and she said some vague word about your kind regards, and that affairs were going well. But, of course, neither you nor I can pretend *to each other* that there was any satisfaction in that! I dare say it was all very well as regards other people."

Mr. Frost commanded himself with an effort. Even while he repressed the rising temper, he told himself that it was cruelly hard that *he* should always have to be smooth and civil, while every one else he knew could have the satisfaction of lashing out when they were irritated; he wavered up to the instant when his lips began to form the words of his reply as to whether he should not give way and ease his goaded spirit at whatever cost!

"Well, Zillah," he answered, "I *have* good news for you."

"Thank God!"

"At least, I suppose it will be considered to be good news. At Hugh's age *I* should have thought so."

"Ah!" exclaimed the widow, with a weary sigh. "If there can be a question about its goodness, your 'good news' is not good enough."

"Hugh has the offer of a position which may be the stepping-stone to fortune. The directors of the Parthenope Embellishment Company will be happy to employ him, on my recommendation, for a twelvemonth certain. And it is a kind of employment which must bring him into notice. The salary offered is most liberal. The residence in such a charming place as Naples will be—"

"It is of no use. Not the least, Sidney," interposed Mrs. Lockwood. She had not called him by his Christian name for years. And the return of the once familiar appellation to her tongue was a proof of unwonted excitement in her.

"No use! *No use!*"

"It is of no use at all, if what you have to offer Hugh involves exile to a foreign country. I was in hopes that you had something better to tell me than that. I was in hopes that—"

"Exile!" repeated Mr. Frost, impatiently interrupting her. "What nonsense! Exile to Naples! How can a woman of your sense talk in that way? One would think I was proposing to send him to Sierra Leone."

"If you were, it would not be more unlikely that Hugh should accept it. He has made up his mind to set up for himself. He has formed new ties, and assumed new responsibilities. Captain Sheardown has offered to try to help Hugh to raise the necessary sum for the purchase of a business in Daneshire. If Captain Sheardown had the money himself, I believe he would advance it directly. But he is not rich enough."

"Is Hugh married?" asked Mr. Frost, abruptly.

"No: but he has engaged himself to Maud Desmond."

Mr. Frost felt on the whole relieved. If these friends would advance the money that Hugh needed, it might be a reprieve for him, Sidney Frost.

And then—then it was possible that the money might never be needed at all! How good that would be! What an excellent way out of the difficulties that beset him; what an admirable postponement (not *canceling*, oh no! Of course Hugh's money should be paid when the fortune that was budding for every one connected with the Parthenope Embellishment Company should be full-blown) of the debt that weighed on him so irksomely! What a deserved solace to the anxieties of the widowed mother whose heart was heavy with care and self-reproach!

"Engaged himself, has he?"

"Yes."

"Then the family difficulties I once hinted at—on the score of rank, you know—have been got over?"

"Lady Tallis, the poor woman who died here, was very fond of Hugh. I think that at first she did not quite like the idea of her niece's marrying him, though. But she was as soft as wax, poor soul, and hadn't a real 'no' in her. And the girl loves him very much."

A stranger might have detected no discontent in Zillah's voice or words. But Mr. Frost knew her well, and he was sure that her son's engagement did not altogether please her.

"It is not so bad a match for Hugh, after all," said he. "It is true that I did not like the idea when you first spoke of this thing as being likely, but— It might have been worse. Miss Desmond has very little—a mere pittance—but small as her dowry is, it may be useful to Hugh."

"Maud wanted to give it all to him, to purchase this business with. But—"

"But I suppose her trustees wouldn't hear of that?"

"*Hugh* would not hear of that! He is resolved that every shilling she has shall be settled tightly on herself."

"That is so like Hugh!"

"Now you understand that I can not—certainly will not—allow my son to commence his career hampered by debt, even though the debt be incurred to friends who would not press him unduly. I have thought of the matter in all ways, for many weary days and wearier nights, and I have come to a fixed resolve on this point."

Mr. Frost sat leaning his head on his hand, and with his other hand twisting and untwisting his watch-chain. He did not look at Mrs. Lockwood while he spoke to her.

"Zillah, I am going to risk making you harder against me than you are already," he began.

"I am harder against no one than against myself," she answered; and then set her mouth again inflexibly after she had spoken.

"I am going to risk making you harder against me than you are already, by confessing that my chief object in coming here to-day—so immediately after my arrival—was not Hugh's business."

"That does not make me any harder against you. I am not hard in order to please myself, Heaven knows."

"Have you heard any thing from Mr. Lane, lately?"

"Sir John Gale's agent? Not since the funeral. He undertook to let that man know of his wife's death."

"You do not see the papers, nor hear much news, I suppose?"

"I? No; you know I do not."

"But I suppose you have heard that Sir John Tallis Gale is dead, and that Sir Matthew reigns in his stead?"

"Dead! Sir John Gale dead!"

"You did *not* know it, then?"

"Not a word, not a hint! When did he die?"

"Twelve days ago, on the 10th of March. And you had not heard of it? Miss Desmond had not been informed?" said Mr. Frost, looking half-suspiciously at Zillah.

"Maud has scarcely seen a soul since her aunt's death. The vicar of Shipley came up to attend the funeral, by Lady Tallis's express desire, and he and Maud have been shut up in the house all day, and only go out to take a little walk in the Regent's Park in the evening. Hugh has been away at the Sheardowns. I expect him home to-morrow or the next day. And that man is dead? Within a week of his poor wife? How strange! Poor Lady Tallis was unfortunate in her death as in her life. If she had survived him but a day, she might have had it in her power to make some provision for Maud."

"How so?"

"Well, I suppose that man, bad as he was, would have bequeathed his wife *some* part of his fortune. And if he had died intestate, she would have been a rich woman. That would have been the most likely. Men like Sir John Gale often make no will at all."

"By an odd enough chance, I happen to know that this man did make a will, though."

"You?"

"Yes; I have seen it."

Zillah knew Sidney Frost well enough to be quite sure that in saying this he was not indulging in mere purposeless gossip. Besides, he had said that he had not come to Gower Street on Hugh's business. Was the business he had come upon in any way connected with Sir John Gale?—with Lady Tallis?—with Maud?

The latter thought sent a sudden hope through her heart—a hope which seemed almost a pang. She was so unused to hopes, that the barest glimpse of good fortune which her imagination might perceive was instantly followed by a movement of repression. If a thing appeared good, then it was unlikely! That was Zillah's experience of life at fifty odd years.

"You have seen Sir John Gale's will?" she said, folding her small, fair hands quietly on the table by which she sat, and bending over a little toward Mr. Frost.

"He died in Naples. I was there at the time. I became, through some business transactions, acquainted with a gentleman who is a great friend, and—he says—a relative of the very beautiful young lady who was called in Naples Lady Gale."

"Ah, I see! He has left all his money to her—to that vicar's daughter! What a fool I was not to think of that before! I might have known that the person who least deserved it would get the prize!"

Zillah would not have admitted to herself that she had hoped; and not having hoped, she could not be said to be disappointed. Nevertheless it was a secret feeling of disappointment that gave an extra flavor of bitterness to her words.

"I have always thought you one of the most clear-headed women I ever knew, Zillah," said Mr. Frost, "as well as one of the most discreet and trust-worthy; and I am going to prove the sincerity of my opinion by telling you a strange story on the condition that you keep it strictly to yourself for the present."

"A secret? No, no, no! For Heaven's sake give me no more secrets to carry about with me!"

"This can not be a secret long," answered Mr. Frost. Then he told her, with great clearness and accuracy, the story of his acquaintance with Barletti, of Veronica's marriage on board the ship of war at Naples, and of the subsequent sudden death of Sir John Gale, and the finding of the will.

Mrs. Lockwood listened with ever deepening attention. When he came to the contents of the will, she removed the hand which had hitherto covered her mouth, and let it fall on the table.

"Was the will witnessed—duly made out—was it a legal document?" she asked.

"It was unimpeachably correct, and unusually clear and brief."

"Then, Maud Desmond is a great heiress!" She sat very still, and spoke very quietly, but an unusual flush suffused her pale face, and the blue veins in the little worn hand that lay on the table swelled, revealing the force with which she was pressing it down.

"I can not tell you whether she is, or not. But you can tell *me.*"

"I? *I* can tell you?"

"A true marriage invalidates a will; a false one does not. If there were still any breath in the body of Hilda, Lady Tallis Gale, at a quarter past ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the fourth of March, the will is good, the second marriage is void, and your son's wife is one of the wealthiest women in this kingdom."

Zillah gave a great sigh. Her hands dropped nervelessly into her lap, and she sank back in her chair staring at Mr. Frost in silence.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. LOCKWOOD'S MEMORY.

HUGH returned from Lowater House on the day after Mr. Frost's interview with his mother. Mr. Levincourt was still in London, but intended to return home by the end of the week. The vicar's consent to his ward's engagement had been given before Lady Tallis's illness had begun to display cause for immediate alarm. The vicar had been once to London since the terrible journey when he had taken Maud to her aunt, having been summoned thither by Lady Tallis's urgent request that she might have an opportunity of speaking to him about Maud.

"I can not put all that I want to say upon paper," she wrote. And indeed the poor lady's epistolary style did not improve with years.

When the vicar arrived, in compliance with Lady Tallis's entreaty, she urged him not to oppose the wishes of the young people.

"If you do not object, Lady Tallis," said Mr. Levincourt, "I suppose I can not do so, either."

"It is not what Maud might have expected, if things had been different with *me*," the poor lady observed. "But what has the child to look to? Sir Thomas Delaney has eight children, six of 'em daughters! So it isn't very likely *he'll* do any thing for Maudie. And you know, my dear friend, birth and riches don't *always* make marriages happy. Goodness knows I had the first. At least poor papa always would be telling us that his was some of the best blood in Ireland—not *literally*, of course, ye understand; for the fact is, he suffered a martyrdom from gout all his life. But what did my birth do for me? And as to money—well, to be sure, I'd like to have a little more of *that* to do as I like with! But still money won't buy the best things. Now at one time I had more than I knew what to do with—in the early days, ye know—but I'd a thousand million times sooner have my dear girl to be kind to me and be poor, than be as rich as a Begum without a soul that cared a quarter of a straw about me; and that brings me round to what I was saying to ye, that it would be a pity to lose a good husband for our dear Maud, just for a bit of family pride. I've reflected a good deal about it lately, my dear friend. And ye know good husbands don't grow on every bush!"

The vicar had no personal wish to oppose the engagement. He liked Hugh, and thought well of him. And, besides, there was another feeling in his mind which tended to make him favorable to the engagement. He had never lost the conviction that Maud's mother would have been a happier woman as the wife of a certain poor clergyman whom she loved, than it was possible for her to have been under any circumstances of loveless prosperity. And he had a vague notion that in forbearing to oppose Maud's love-match, he was making a kind of reparation for the share he had had in destroying her mother's young romance in the days when Clara Delaney had wandered with him under the old trees in her Irish home, and dreamed her girlish dream of unworldly happiness.

Lady Tallis's interview with the vicar had taken place early in December, and the engagement had been formally sanctioned before Christmas.

"We needn't proclaim it just yet," said Lady Tallis, "until Hugh sees his way a little more clearly. And Maudie is quite young enough to wait."

"Dear Aunt Hilda, there is no one I know of to proclaim it to!" Maud had answered, simply and sadly. And Lady Tallis had acquiesced; not without a sigh that the alliance of a daughter of the united houses of Delaney and Desmond should be, perforce, thus mutely inglorious.

Hugh had, however, compounded for permission to tell his happy news to his old friends, the Sheardowns. And Captain Sheardown had been moved to the offer of trying to assist Hugh in his project of raising the money for the purchase of the architect's and surveyor's business in Daneshire, by the announcement that Hugh was to marry Maud Desmond.

"Did your ears burn, dearest—what pretty little white ears they are!—while I was away?" asked Hugh on the first evening of his return, holding Maud's hands in his, and looking down at her golden hair. "They ought to have been of the fieriest crimson, if the old saw were true; for we talked of you, you, you—scarcely any thing else *but* you—all the time I was at Lowater."

"*We* talked! Dear Hugh, I am afraid you must have teased them with my name."

"No, darling; Mrs. Sheardown spoke of you constantly. What a delightful creature she is!" added Hugh, with a naïve earnestness that brought a smile to Maud's lips, and a blush to her pale cheek.

Maud is not much changed in outward aspect since she was last presented to the reader. She is perhaps a trifle paler and thinner, but that has come within the last month. She had grieved for her aunt, but without acute pain of mind. She had the peace-bestowing assurance that her presence had been a solace and a joy to poor Aunt Hilda; and had made the forsaken woman some amends for years of hard usage and neglect. And there was in Maud's spirit none of that unappeasable sorrow which comes from remorseful memories of duties left undone, or done grudgingly without heart-felt kindness.

Lady Tallis's death had been almost painless. She had not known that her end was near until within three days of her decease, and then she spoke of it calmly and cheerfully. And she had uttered many a solemn injunction to Hugh to be true and tender to the orphan girl who loved him. "My only regret in the world is that I can do nothing for the sweet child," she had said. "If she had been my daughter instead of my niece, she would have inherited a pretty penny under my marriage-settlement. But, as it is, it all goes back to *him*. But maybe it is all for the best."

After a pause, she had added: "I can't speak of *him* to Maudie, my dear Hugh. But if—if ever any chance—God only knows how strangely things come about sometimes—if ever chance should give ye the opportunity of letting him know that I—that I die in peace with him, I'd be glad he should be told so. It might be good for him to know it, some day. And—and—of course I can't altogether make excuses for him, but I know I was not very wise in times gone by, and maybe I tried him. And I did love him once, Hugh. And those whom God has joined together, I don't believe can ever be *quite* put asunder. Distance won't do it. And time won't do it. And—I'd like him to know that I prayed for him, Hugh, and asked his pardon if I vexed him or did wrong by him in past years."

"Dearest Lady Tallis, I am sure *you* have nothing to reproach yourself with!"

"Ah, Hugh, Hugh, looking death in the face

gives the foolishest of us wisdom enough to see our own shortcomings. And I'd like him to forgive me my trespasses as I forgive his—and as I hope to be forgiven."

Again she paused; this time for so long that Hugh thought she had fallen asleep. But as he began softly to move away she stopped him and motioned him to bend down his head over the couch where she was lying. And then she said, "And, Hugh, when I'm gone, he may do justice to that—that young woman. I have felt very bitter toward her, that's the truth. And I don't mean to tell you that I feel quite as a good Christian ought to feel at this minute. But I have forgiven her, my dear, though it was hard. I dare say she is to be pitied, poor creature! And I won't distress our darling just now with speaking of it, but *afterward*, Hugh, when she's calm, and can think of me without pain, ye may tell her what I said. She loved the other girl, and 'twill comfort her."

And so the poor, gentle, kindly spirit had left the world, in charity with all men.

Hugh had much to say to Maud on that first day of his return. They walked out together at dusk, and he spoke of his plans. Matters had not yet been definitively arranged, but Captain Sheardown had great hopes that Mr. Snowe would advance the money required. Herbert Snowe was now a partner in his father's bank, and was good-naturedly desirous of helping Hugh. The old gentleman was slow and cautious and difficult to satisfy. But Hugh had good hopes that he would consent to advance the money after a decent delay.

"And then, my own darling, we will be married directly, will we not? There is nothing to wait for, is there?"

"N—no, dear Hugh. If you will take me in my black gown, I will come to you when you are ready. Dear Aunt Hilda would not have wished us to delay our marriage."

"Far from that! You know what she said, the good kind soul. And as to the gown, it must be a white one, for that day at all events."

When they got home again, Hugh had some papers and plans to look over for his employers, Digby and West. He had not left their office, but was continuing at a weekly salary, on the understanding that he should be allowed to quit them at a fortnight's notice. They all sat in Mrs. Lockwood's little parlor. The sitting-room up stairs had not been used since Lady Tallis's death. Maud had a book, but it lay for the most part idly in her lap, while her eyes dreamily wandered toward Hugh as he bent over his papers, and every now and then stuck a short blunt pencil between his teeth to hold it, and knit his brows portentously over the consideration of some difficult point. The vicar, too, had a book which he read, or seemed to read. And Mrs. Lockwood's nimble fingers were busy with a basketful of soft gray woolen stockings—Hugh's stockings—which she was mending on an infallible principle that almost appeared to make a darned stocking superior to an undarned one; so daintily dextrous was the crossing of the threads!

Usually the widow was not by any means loquacious. To-night, however, her tongue moved, if not as rapidly, almost as unrestingly, as her fingers. She harped on the topic of Lady Tallis's death, returning to it again and again, until the vicar at length shut his book with a look of resignation.

"You remember what day it was she died, Maud?" said Mrs. Lockwood.

"Remember it!"

"I mean you remember the date and all. Of course you do. Tuesday, the fourth of March, it was; yes, that was the date."

"Yes."

"And—and when I came up stairs again after preparing the beef tea that she had asked for, she had fallen asleep."

"Yes," said Maud, again. She did not understand why these details should be recapitulated, but she answered sweetly and patiently.

"We have never spoken of the particulars to Mr. Levincourt, have we?" pursued Mrs. Lockwood. The vicar was not specially desirous of hearing more particulars than he knew already respecting Lady Tallis's death; and Zillah perceived this perfectly. But with an utter absence of her usual fine tact, she continued to harp on the subject.

"She seemed a little better, and very cheerful that morning, did she not, Maud?"

"Yes; she was free from suffering at the last, thank God!"

"Oh, quite; quite. When I first came into her room, she said, 'I feel much stronger than I did yesterday.' Who would have thought that by noon that day she would be dead!"

The vicar, feeling himself called on to say something, gave a little sigh, and murmured, "Ah, it is often the case in that disorder that the patient feels unaccountably better just before the end comes."

"I was with her a long time after Maud went away that morning, Mr. Levincourt. Maud had been sitting up all night, and was worn out. I sent her to bed. Was I not right?"

"Very right, and considerate."

"And so Maud was not with her aunt at the last. But Lady Tallis passed away in a kind of gentle slumber. She slept a long time—until past ten, I should say. Indeed I am pretty sure. And Jane says so too. I was talking to Jane about it this morning. I could swear Lady Tallis was alive until past ten o'clock! And Jane is sure of it too."

"You had better not swear it, either of you," said Hugh, looking up from his papers, "for you would be mistaken."

"Mistaken! Why, Hugh, the—the more I think of it, the surer I feel that—"

"Darling mother, we need not pursue the discussion. It is not likely that you will have to make oath about it."

"Not at all likely. Most unlikely, as far as—as far as we know. But still, Hugh, as far as the matter of fact is concerned, I feel convinced that she must have been still alive after ten o'clock. She *must!* I am sure of it."

Mrs. Lockwood's tone was so petulant and sharp, and so unlike her usual tone of resolute composure, that Hugh looked at her with some uneasiness.

"She has been overworn and harassed, the poor little mother," he thought. Then he glanced at Maud, whose eyes were brimming with tears: and pushing his papers aside, to be finished when the others should have gone to bed, he set himself to speak cheerfully of his prospects and of his plans; how they would let the house in Gower Street; and how he had seen a tiny cottage near the spot he had set his heart on living at, in Daneshire, that would just suit his mother; and how he had already projected sundry inexpensive alterations that would make the tiny cottage a delightful residence. And so no more was said that night about Lady Tallis.

STATE TELEGRAPHS IN ENGLAND.

At the present time every thing relating to the transfer of the telegraphs to the government in England is in a transition state, very many of the arrangements not having as yet been completed. It was intended, if possible, to effect the transfer on the 1st of January, 1870; but so much preliminary work remained to be done that it was doubtful whether all would be ready by that date. A large room has been fitted up in the General Post-office with telegraphic instruments, in order that the clerks on the premises may learn to work them; and "dummy" instruments for the use of learners have been sent to the post-offices in the provinces. The apparatus for common use will be the Morse printing telegraph and the single needle instrument; a wise selection, for long experience has proved them to be the best to place in the hands of unscientific clerks. They are not very liable to get out of order, and are very certain in their indications.

The following are among the changes that will be gradually made, some of them, however, at so distant a date that even the preliminaries have not been arranged as yet. The nine large district post-offices in London will be made central stations, and each one will be connected by wire with the subordinate offices in its district. The chief post-office in each of the largest provincial towns will be made a central telegraphic station, and the chief provincial towns will be placed in direct communication with three of the largest central London offices, namely, those in the West Central, Western, and Southwestern districts, in addition to the chief office in the East Central district. Subordinate offices will be opened throughout the kingdom at the money-order offices, in all places having a population of 2000 persons and upward. Messages will be received at all post-offices for transmission by hand in the ordinary way to stations in connection with the telegraphic lines; pillar-boxes will be places of deposit for messages written on stamped paper; and, as a rule, all messages will have to be paid for in stamps. The charge for transmission of a message of twenty words from any one part of the United Kingdom to any other part will be one shilling; but when it has to be delivered at a considerable distance from the nearest terminal station, it will be forwarded from that station by post for a penny, or by special messenger at sixpence per mile. Facilities will be given for the transmission of money-orders by telegraph, and as soon as possible the charges for messages to foreign parts will be reduced. Such are the plans which will be carried out, some of which will be in a very forward state in a few weeks' time.

ENGLISH BOY COLONISTS.

A benevolent society has been established in London, whose head-quarters are known as the "Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children," which is doing much good, not only in the way of saving many of the youth of both sexes, who would otherwise, in all likelihood, go to swell the great criminal class, but in giving their young charges such a practical education as may fit them to maintain themselves in after-life. One branch of the establishment is a training-ship, where such boys as choose a sea-faring life receive instruction in nautical matters; another is a Farm School; while another, in which we are more interested, is a large farm, or rather colony, in Kansas. The society has lately purchased a large tract of land on the Kansas and Pacific Railway, comprising about 33,000 acres, and here they intend to form a colony of the society's children, the first installment of little emigrants, twenty boys, having already arrived at the village of Wakefield, the nucleus of the future settlement. Our sketch on page 85 represents the New York Station of the Erie Railroad, with these boys about to depart for their new home; and as they receive instruction in useful crafts, farming, carpentry, shoemaking, tailoring, etc., we may anticipate a prosperous future for the colony.

FROZEN IN.

Our illustration on page 88 represents a pretty scene, with the counterpart of which the frequenters of the Central Park skating grounds must be familiar. We generally associate swans with summer skies, and streams with grassy banks, and lakes with reedy islets where they make their nests, and not with frost and snow and ice, as we see them here depicted. Their beautiful white forms give the finishing touch of poetry to summer streams. All our readers will recall Mrs. Browning's ballad of "the Swan's Nest," and many will remember the poem in which Keats describes a lake

"Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And in its middle space a sky that never lowers.
* * * * * * *
There saw the swan his neck of arched snow,
And oared himself along with majesty;
Sparkling his jetty eyes; his feet did show
Beneath the waves like Afric's ebony,
And on his back a fay reclined voluptuously."

And again, in his "Epistle to George Felton Mathew," he speaks of

"A black-eyed swan upon the widening stream."

Our illustration is taken from Duddingston Loch, near Edinburgh. In the back-ground are seen the old church, and some of the houses of the little village from which the lake takes its name. The hard northern winter has set in, the water has frozen over, and the stately swans are reduced to the humiliating condition of receiving relief from the charitable; but when the summer returns, and they are once more at liberty to oar themselves over the lake in their own majestic way, the degradation of their present state will be forgotten, and all ideas of outdoor relief banished from their minds.

THE NEW BOSTON POST-OFFICE.

On page 89 will be found a sketch of the new Post-Office and Sub-Treasury Building in Boston, Massachusetts, erected under the able supervision of A. B. Mullett, Esq., the architect of the new Post-Office Building in this city. The Boston edifice, it will be seen from our illustration, is built in the French style, now so popular in this country. The dimensions are, length of front, 237 feet; height to top of cornice, 93 feet; height of centre pavilion, 127 feet. The internal arrangements of the building are admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are designed; and the whole reflects great credit upon the supervising architect, who planned it, as well as Mr. Gridley J. F. Bryant, who superintended the work of construction.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Ramie," or "China grass," has excited a good deal of interest in our country during the past four or five years. Many planters and producers have fancied that they could easily make a fortune by its cultivation, and that it would speedily surpass cotton, and almost every other fibrous material in value. We gather from the last monthly report of the Department of Agriculture that the grass is rendered valuable or worthless, according to the manner of preparing the fibre. The most important process is that of discharging the gum it contains, which must be done so as to retain its strength, elasticity, color, and lustre. Many absurd statements have been made touching the practical value of the Ramie plant; yet the demand for it may be very large if the fibre can be easily and perfectly separated from the wood and its own bark at slight expense. The business of *propagating* plants has been very lucrative, but no one is known to have made a fortune by producing the fibre; nor will such a case be reported until inventive genius and mechanical or chemical skill has perfected its proper and *cheap* preparation. The Department of Agriculture has investigated this subject carefully, and encouraged the experiment of its culture, and would stimulate invention and effort to a successful issue, and at the same time shield the unsuspecting from losses through the greed of gain.

Dr. John M. Carnochan, the new Health-Officer of the Port of New York, is a native of Savannah, Georgia, and a lineal descendant of General Israel Putnam. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and afterward studied medicine under the teaching of Dr. Valentine Mott of this city. After obtaining his degree he spent six years in attending the clinical lectures of the principal hospitals of Europe. In 1847, being then thirty years of age, he commenced practice in New York city, and rapidly rose to distinction. He was soon appointed Surgeon-in-Chief of the New York State Emigrant Hospital, and Professor of the Principles and Operations of Surgery in the New York Medical College. His success in performing dangerous operations has been wonderful, and rendered him famous both at home and abroad; while his uprightness of character and kindness of heart have won the esteem and love of all who know him.

The large wood-cut portrait of Rev. Noah Hunt Schenck, D.D., of Brooklyn, is an admirable specimen of American workmanship, from the Aldine Press of Messrs. Sutton, Bowne, & Co.

An alarming report was recently circulated in a certain quarter of this city, to the effect that a teacher of one of the public schools had resigned his position on account of the prevalence of small-pox among his pupils. Investigation proved that the trouble was small pay—not small-pox!

Two English "misses" made themselves somewhat conspicuous in the Œcumenical Council, by mounting on the benches above the kneeling multitude, and surveying with their opera-glasses the Pope as he pronounced the benediction in the Council. The Pope, with a mild smile, pointed them out to some of the cardinals, but no alarming consequences have overtaken them. Probably the Pope gallantly considers ladies, like himself, infallible.

The well recently completed in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, is said to be the largest in the world, and is one of the most important features of the Park. The outer wall is fifty feet in diameter, two feet thick, and fifty-four feet high. The inner curb or wall is thirty-five feet in diameter and two feet thick, having a depth of ten feet. The masonry, as seen from the top of the structure, is a marvel of neatness and solidity. The water surface in the well is thirteen feet above high-tide level, and the depth of water in the well is fourteen feet. The pump is the Worthington patent, and, with a pressure of forty pounds, is capable of raising one million gallons of water every twenty-four hours a height of 176 feet. In case of any accident to the Brooklyn Water-works, this well has more than the necessary capacity to supply the Park abundantly with water. The special work of the well will be to supply the pools at an elevation of 133 feet, and from the pools the water is conducted to the lake.

A Valparaiso merchant having received a challenge from an officer, sent him this sensible answer: "I have no desire whatsoever to kill you, still less do I desire to be killed myself. Here is what I propose. Go to the nearest wood. Choose a tree about as stout as myself; place yourself fifty, thirty, or even fifteen steps from it—just as you like—and then fire bravely on the tree. If you hit it, I will admit that I was in the wrong, and will offer you an apology. In the contrary case, I shall be ready to receive yours."

The "Oculum" is the name of a new machine, which the inventor claims to be possessed of such wonderful magnifying power that by means of its lenses one can actually look through the walls of a human body, and study the delicate mechanism therein, when the subject has become charged with electricity, by means of a battery connected with the machine. Henceforth the internal apparatus, no less than pulse and tongue, will be subjected to the wise inspection of the learned!

The plan of planting sunflowers on an extensive scale, for the purpose of neutralizing the pernicious effects of exhalations from marshes, has been tried with great success in the ferny districts near Rochefort, France; and the authorities of Holland assert that intermittent fever has wholly disappeared from districts where the sunflowers have been planted. It is not yet determined what effect the flower produces on the atmosphere; whether it generates oxygen, like other plants of rapid growth, or whether, like the *coniferæ*, it emits ozone, and thus destroys the organic germs of miasma that produce fever.

The efficacious power of carbolic acid is shown by the testimony of Mr. Schiffman, a medical gentleman who writes from Valle Menier, Nicaragua, that after a severe epidemic of Asiatic cholera, which extended through fifteen months, he commenced the use of carbolic acid, causing all the rooms and passages of houses occupied by three hundred people to be daily sprinkled with water containing a small quantity of this acid. The result was, that neither cholera nor fever and ague, which had long centred in that locality, had since made their appearance.

Chicago papers announce that five thousand marriage licenses were granted in that city last year; but they refuse to publish the divorce record for "lack of room!"

From a late number of the *Siam Weekly Advertiser*—a little journal published in Bangkok—we condense a description of the Jungle, of which it is difficult for those accustomed to only the forests of the temperate zones to form any adequate idea. In Singapore, the jungle consists of a forest of gigantic trees, standing close together like stalks in a wheat-field, their trunks varying in diameter from two to six feet. They are branchless until near the top, when they spread out into compact foliage of dark green leaves. The tops of these giants join together, and underneath grow shorter and more umbrageous trees; and again beneath these latter grow strange plants and ferns, few of which have received even Malay names. But the peculiar characteristic of the jungle is the extraordinary manner in which the whole mass is woven together by a net-work of creepers and parasites. Chief among the former is the ratan, pieces of which have been cut out nearly an inch in diameter and three hundred feet long. Some of the parasites are as thick as a man's body, twining spirally round the trunks of the larger trees, beginning at the bottom and after seven or eight turns reaching to the top, from which they frequently drop down again in straight columns of uniform girth to the ground, where they become attached, and again start forth on a fresh mission.

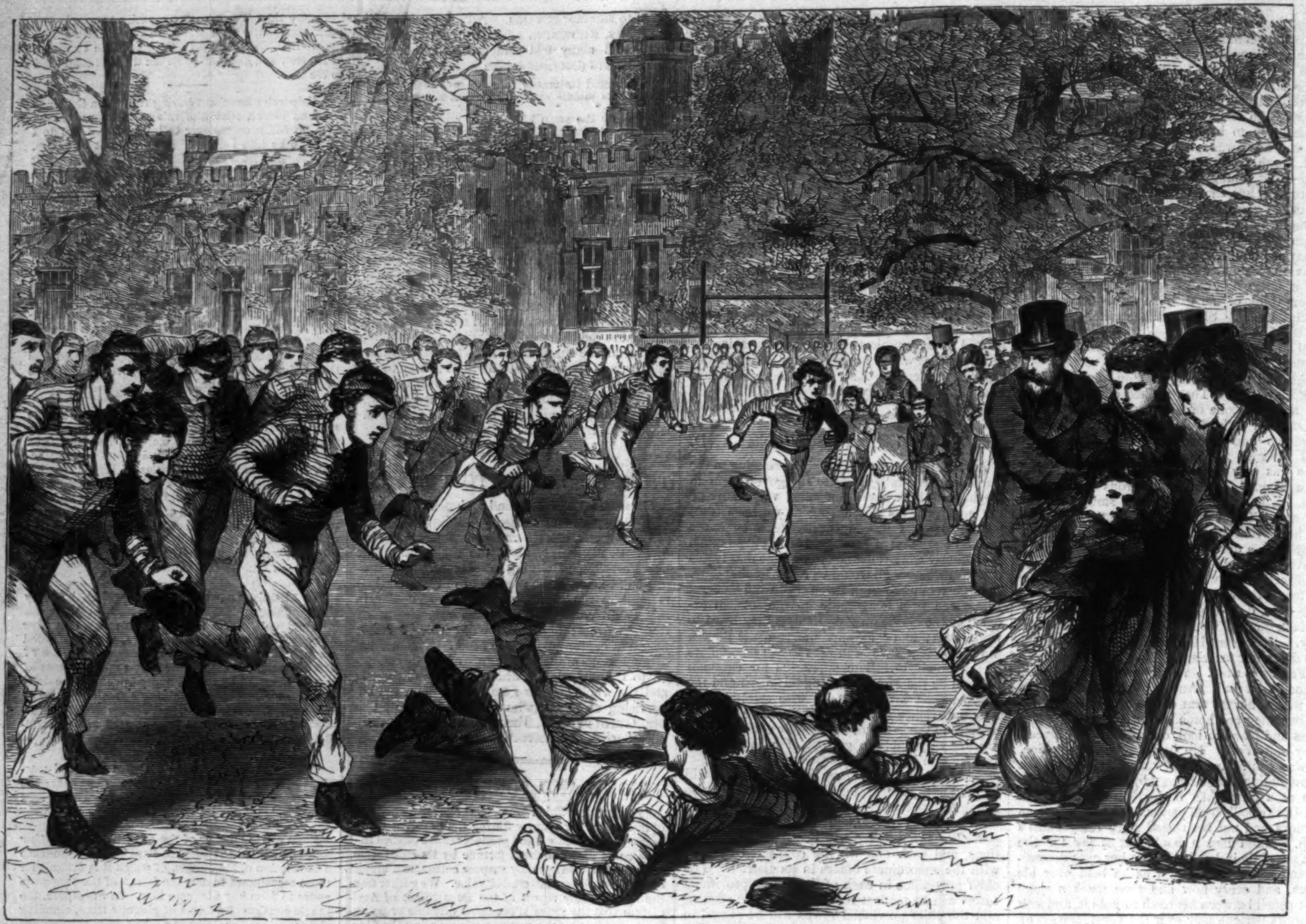
Another peculiar and beautiful feature of these jungles consists of the numerous orchidaceous plants that droop from the elbows of the larger trees, or fix themselves on the creeper net-work that grows around them. Conspicuous, too, are the varieties of pitcher-plants, to be found probably in greater luxuriance in the jungles of Singapore than in any other part of the world. It is extraordinary where these singular plants place themselves. Some can be seen on the very pinnacles of the highest trees, while others, as if destined for man, cluster within an easy distance of the ground. They always contain a good supply of pure wholesome water, perhaps about a quarter of a pint to each cup. To complete the obstructions of the jungle, fallen trees of by-gone ages are piled upon each other, giving birth, in their decay, to innumerable forms of vegetation.

There is a probability that Berthold Auerbach, the German novelist, will soon visit the United States, for the purpose of giving a series of readings from his own works.

An extensive conspiracy against the life of the Czar of Russia has just been discovered. The city of Odessa was the centre of action for the conspirators, and the pupils of the University of Papich and Yeremichew are chiefly implicated. The plan was to tear up the rails on the railroad line by which the Czar was to journey; but its execution was prevented. A conspiracy of less extent has also been discovered in St. Petersburg. All those who have been arrested are of Russian nationality—a fact which surprises the Russians in general, who suspected the Poles.

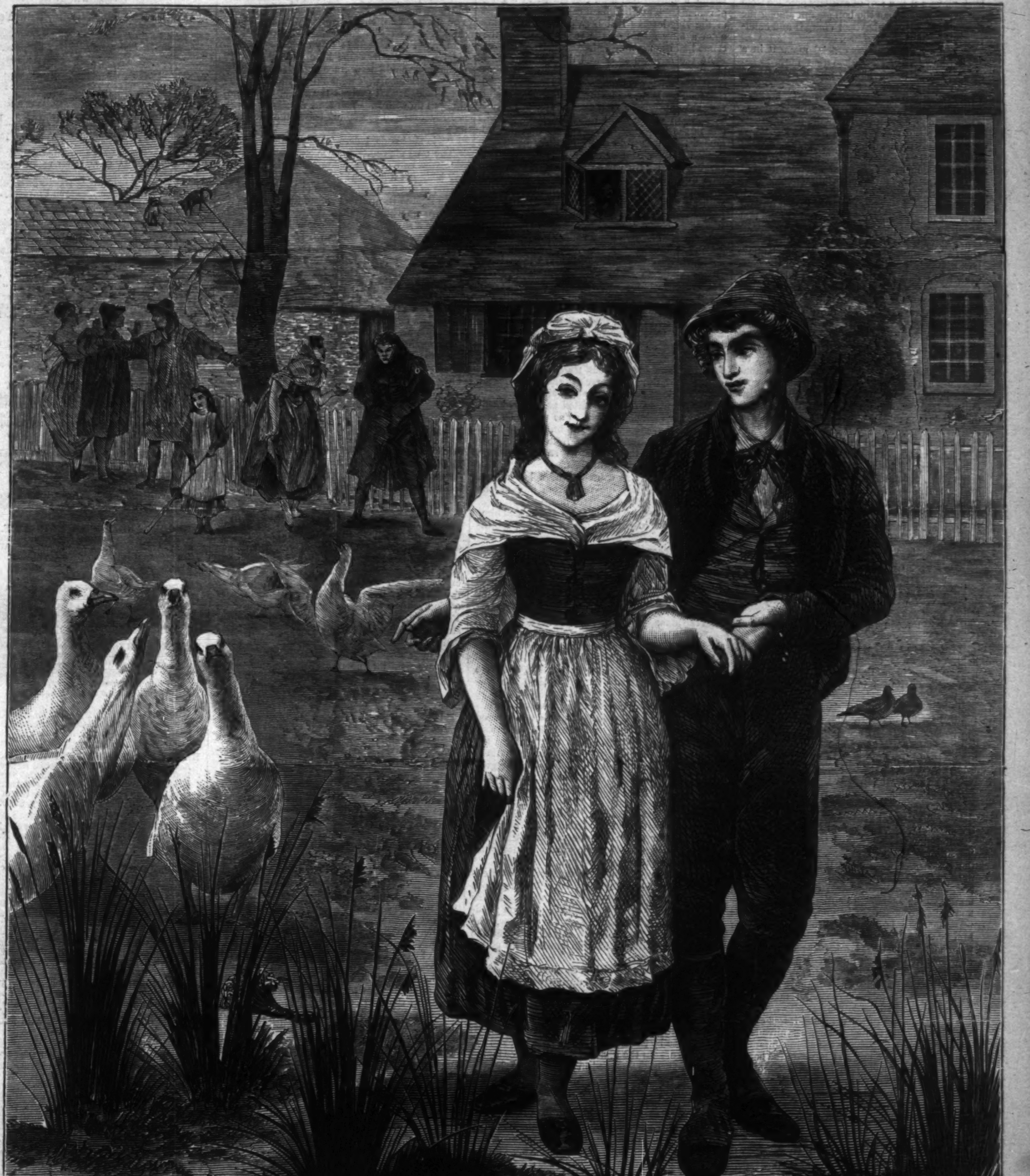
New wonders are becoming known. A pupil of Baron Liebig—so it is said—has discovered certain ethers which, when poured upon certain chemical compounds, instantaneously produce precious stones of all kinds.

Although Traupmann, the "Pantin murderer," had assured his fellow-prisoners that he should not be executed, as he possessed the means of committing suicide, which no one could prevent him from employing, he has suffered the extreme penalty of the law. His photograph represents him as exceedingly youthful in appearance, and his countenance by no means ferocious. Phrenology shows him to have possessed intellect enough, but as deficient in moral powers. It is also mentioned that his ears were large and misshapen, and his hands and feet long and sinewy, with knotted joints. A French physician lays it down as a general law that the *ear* is an index to the equilibrium of the intellectual and other faculties—a symmetrical ear indicating proper equilibrium.



FOOT-BALL AT RUGBY.—[SEE PAGE 93.]

WINNING A PAIR OF GLOVES.



GEESE.

GEESE.

Here much love, and there but little,
  Here a flame, and there a flicker;
Maiden, lovers' vows are brittle.
  How old folks can fret and bicker,
Warning you to think of this,
Hark! the foolish goslings hiss!

Love stays not at fever heat;
  Summer turns to winter snows.
April blossoms, under feet,
  Are all trodden ere June glows:
Warning you to think of this,
Hear the mocking ganders hiss.

Hear that couple jar and jangle:
  They were once as fond as you.
Love-knots are too apt to tangle.
  One day you may learn to rue.
Cynics warning you of this,
Hark the wise geese, how they hiss!

Never heed the gabbling creatures;
  Press the lip and clasp the hand,
Gaze upon each other's features,
  Wander in your Fairy Land.
Never doubt you're right in this,
Though the silly goslings hiss.

FOOT-BALL AT RUGBY.

Foot-ball is essentially an English school-game, and is nowhere else in the world played with so much pluck and zest. The Duke of Wellington, while surveying a game at Eton, said it was there the field of Waterloo was won. The finest game is said to be played at Rugby—our readers will remember how enthusiastically it is described in that charming book, "School-days at Rugby"—and our illustration on page 92 gives a vivid idea of the sport. The sixth match, the greatest event in the school year, usually commences about the first week of October, when the immemorial elms which surround and intersect the school-close or playing-fields are rich in the full glory of their autumnal tints. Nothing can exceed the picturesque effect of the grouping of the various bands of combatants, as, trailing out after roll-call in the Big School, they proceed to strip for business under the grand old trees.

The sixth form boys wear striped, the school plain, white jerseys, and both spotless white trowsers, and for head-gear velvet caps of various tints, and ornamented with gold or silver embroidery and tassels, the distinguishing ensigns of different boarding-houses. The players are drawn up in two lines—the sixth fellows, a compact band, some forty strong; for the whole form plays pitted against double that number of champions selected from the rest of the school. The ball is placed on the ground between them. In the rear of either tent are ranged the so-called "back players," who are selected for their prowess in "dropping," or kicking the ball the greatest distance on the drop-kick. Presently a player steps forth from the side which has won the toss, calls out "Are you ready?" and, without waiting for an answer, sends the ball spinning far over the heads of the opposite side. It is caught, or taken on the bound by one of their back players, who, running with it as far as he can without interruption, "drops it" back again. If the "dropping" is too good, the game becomes monotonous, for the ball keeps flying through the air, backward and forward over the heads of the forward players of either side, who have nothing to do but stare at it. Not till one of the back players misses his "drop," *i. e.*, kicks

the ball along the ground, or is collared at his running, does the hot work begin. With the back-players it is a sort of artillery practice from the distance. When the ball gets in among the forward players, the bayonet charges and hand-to-hand business commence.

We know of no more crucial moment in a Rugby boy's school life than that never-to-be-forgotten one when, having rashly seized hold of the ball for the first time in a "big-side" match, and endeavored to run with it, he finds himself collared, surrounded, and thrown down, and, on rising, half-crushed to death, from the bottom of a huge pile of human bodies, he stands face to face with his first "scrimmage"—a word awful in its significance to the experienced. Upon the manner in which he acquits himself in that crisis will depend the opinion his school-fellows will have of his pluck ever after. The ball, which he has hugged like grim death—it being a point of honor not to suffer it to be wrenched from him—will have been pressed to the ground sooner or later, which is the signal for the "maul" to cease and the "scrimmage" to begin. The breathless boy, whose hand is never removed from the ball, even when it has touched the ground, has the "right" to the first kick; but the enforcement of this right entails the terrible duty of facing the kicks or "hacking" of the dozen or more big fellows who are confronted with him. During the "maul," the bane of the Rugby game, only arms and the dead weight of pushing bodies are brought into play; but the real glory of the game lies in the "scrimmage," where a hundred legs are eagerly "letting fly," shins resound to the hearty hacks given and taken, and a splendid recklessness of the whereabouts of the ball is displayed; the theory being, that in the thick of the scrimmage, where you can not possibly see it, it must be supposed to lie close to the shins of your immediate antagonist. When the blood is at boiling point—as it always should be in a scrimmage, which might else be thought to verge on the brutal—so far are you from feeling any pain from being "hacked," that for the time you feel almost in the seventh heaven. In the morning you are occasionally conscious of possessing shins.

THE WAGER.

"NONSENSE!"

"Oh very well. It's very easy to say nonsense."

"Do you mean to say that you believe all this stuff?"

"I mean to say that every night, at a certain hour, those three murderers return there and hold converse under that gibbet."

"I can not imagine how a sensible man like you can seriously talk so."

"I tell you I've *heard* them. It's no mere hearsay with me; I've *heard* them. I once laughed at the idea, just as you do now. But I heard, and I laughed no more. Go you now at any time this night, if you dare, and I bet any thing you'll come back believing."

"Done; what'll you bet?"

"I'll bet my horse against your pony."

"Done. I'll take it."

"Done it is. Here, Brown, you'll do to hold the stakes."

The above conversation took place in the "Red Lion Inn" at Camden, a little village on the coast of Maine. The first speaker was a fine, fresh-faced, broad-shouldered, honest-looking fellow, who under rough clothing bore the unmistakable signs of a gentleman. The other had the air of a sea-faring man, though his dress was that of a farmer. Two others were with him, both of whom had very much the same appearance. Five or six others were present, all of whom took a deep interest in the conversation, and gave a hearty assent to the bet.

As the bet was made the man Brown arose and proceeded to take charge of the stakes. The two men who had made the bet also rose. By the air of the rest of the company it was evident that they considered that the bet was already lost by the unbeliever. They were all inhabitants of the village. The one who had made the bet was a stranger; and local pride was aroused, even if there were no other feeling to animate them.

The man who had accepted the wager began to prepare for his departure. He took a flask of brandy only to encounter the supernatural foes whom he was supposed to encounter, and laughingly departed.

"Well," said one of the spectators, after he had departed, "he's gone; the young feller's gone. He'll get enough of it."

"That he will," said another.

"He'll be back as soon as he gets there."

"They've driven off better men than him."

"The clanking of the chains is enough."

"Yes—let alone the voices."

"The first time I heard it I was struck dumb."

"And I should have fallen dead if there hadn't been another man with me."

"It's a nice pony the young feller will have to give up, any way."

"Well, he ought to know better than to be so free with his bets."

"He's never been much in these parts before."

"No, of course not, or he wouldn't have been so free with his bets."

While these men were speaking the one who had made the bet, with his two companions, had quietly departed. Scarcely had they left, when a fierce gust of wind, coming up the village street, set all the signs and shutters creaking, and added to the superstitious terror of the company at the inn.

While they were engaged in various speculations as to the result of this experiment, the young adventurer was going on toward the place.

It was on the summit of a wide, bleak, and desolate ridge, terminated by a cliff, at the base of which the ocean surf beat. Here, some years before, a murder had been committed by a gang of ruffians. They had been captured, and three of the ring-leaders had been hanged in chains upon a lofty gibbet on the very spot where the crime had been committed.

As the adventurer neared the spot the wind blew in gusts over the ridge. The moon occasionally shining out from behind a cloud revealed the scene. It was gloomy indeed, and might well have appalled a man even of strong nerves. The gloom of the night formed a back-ground, and in the fore-ground rose a lofty three-armed gibbet, from each arm of which there hung suspended the skeleton of a man in chains. The rushing wind gave to the scene additional elements of terror. As it drove past it swung the skeletons, making them vibrate slowly to and fro, with all their load of chains and fetters, so that they creaked and rattled, and made a thousand weird and ghastly sounds in the lonely darkness.

From the distance there came up a deep, low, sullen sound, at regular intervals dying and rising again, to die away in long, low reverberations. It was the ocean surf, which beat upon the shore not far away; for Camden was a fishing village, and the gibbet stood upon a high cliff which overhung the beach. The moaning of the wind, the low, sullen roar of the surf, and the clank of the chains, were sufficient to inspire dread in the boldest heart.

The young man, however, seemed quite unaffected by any superstitious terrors. He quietly dismounted, flung the horse's bridle over his arm, drew his cloak about him, and waited.

For about an hour he waited patiently, keeping a wary look about him, so as not to be surprised in that gloom. The light, however, was sufficient to prevent any one from coming near unobserved, and the watcher felt satisfied so long as he had his pistols at his belt.

At length he felt conscious of a low moan, which was entirely different from any of the sounds which he had hitherto heard.

It seemed to arise from the ground behind him. It was a moan of peculiar nature and of penetrating power.

The watcher grasped his pistols and turned toward the direction from which the sound came.

Then followed a heavy sigh. He waited. Then came a deep groan. A smile of contempt passed over the watcher's face.

"Very clumsy trickery," he thought. "If I had the management of it, I would act differently."

Suddenly there was a grating overhead. He looked up. The skeletons in chains were descending. They were moving down slowly. As they descended they swung in the wind, and were knocked together and dashed against the gallows-tree. Still they were suspended, and were not coming down without being lowered down.

The watcher stepped back and coolly waited with a grim smile on his face. The skeletons came down slowly, till at last they touched the ground. The watcher coolly took one of them and gave a violent pull. It fell down, dragging a rope after it, which creaked as it ran through a pulley overhead. The watcher pulled away at it, and dragged down a line which was at least a hundred feet in length. Meantime the other skeletons kept rising and falling. He caught one of them with the same peculiar jerk, and pulled the rope in the same way. Suddenly the other skeleton began to ascend.

"No, no, my fine fellow," muttered the watcher, catching the chains of its feet before it got out of reach, and pulling with all his force. It was a sudden and violent pull, and the skeleton yielded. Down it fell, along with the watcher, who fell with it to the ground. But in a moment he arose, and, with an audible chuckle, he pulled this rope down also.

Then he stood waiting cautiously as before. Some time now passed, during which nothing was seen or heard. The skeletons lay around on the heath. The watcher waited.

At last a bright light flashed up from the ground about twenty yards in front of him. It was close by the edge of the cliff, and looked like a crevice. In the midst of the light three figures appeared, each wrapped in a long white sheet.

This spectacle, however, inspired no terror in the watcher, who held his pistols in his hands and waited.

The three figures, with low groans, marched slowly up toward the gibbet. The watcher moved to one side. Suddenly, as they came near, they made a rush at him. He fired. One of them dropped.

Instantly he sprang toward the opening from which they had emerged, and pulling out a boatswain's whistle, he blew three times a shrill penetrating blast. It was quickly done, and then he waited with his pistols extended.

Two out of the three figures stood motionless, close by the one who had fallen. Groans of pain came from the fallen figure.

But now other figures appeared upon the scene. At the sound of the shrill whistle, six or eight men, all armed, sprang up from behind a hillock, where they had lain in concealment, and rushed up to the two figures. In a moment they had surrounded them and seized them. The watcher then advanced toward them.

"Who's this fellow?" said he, stooping over the wounded man, and tearing away the sheet with which he was enveloped. "Ah, ha! my fine fellow," said he; "it's you, is it? So you've lost your bet."

It was the man with whom he had made the bet. He gave a deep groan.

The watcher then tore away the sheets from the others. One was Brown—the man that held the stakes; the other was one of the company who had been at the inn.

"I'm going down there into your place. So lead on," said he.

"Who are you," cried Brown, savagely, "seizing and shooting innocent persons like a highwayman?"

"Well, if you want to know, I'm Captain Sinclair, a United States Custom-house officer. You were playful enough to bet with me, and I think I've won it. But come," he continued, sternly, "I've suspected that you were up to mischief here. I only came here yesterday. My predecessor could never trace the extensive smuggling operations that went on just about here; but I thought that perhaps the gibbet had something to do with it. You see I've caught you."

Brown uttered something between a curse and an entreaty.

"Tie his hands, lads. Tie up both of them."

The men obeyed.

"Now two of you fellows stay here. Has any body got a lantern?"

One of the men handed one to him.

He lighted it, and then descended by the orifice through which the three figures had emerged.

After a short distance, he found himself in a passage-way which went down on the side of a cliff that had been severed in twain. The path sloped steeply for a hundred yards or so, and ended in a cavern. Here there were barrels and boxes in great numbers, all filled with contraband articles. The cavern itself was just underneath the gibbet. It was evident that these smugglers had made use of the gibbet to frighten people away from their haunt.

An examination afterward showed that these three men alone had conducted a vast smuggling business by means of this convenient cavern. They had been completely entrapped by Captain Sinclair. As he said, he had suspected some trickery about the gibbet. He had made the bet, and caused some of his men to follow him and conceal themselves. The result was as has been described. The three smugglers found themselves suddenly cast down from their dreams of wealth, and on their way to the State Prison. As for Captain Sinclair, his brilliant exploit was rewarded with promotion.

Now that Virginia is on the point of getting back into the Union, the next step should be to develop her great internal resources, and fit her to assume the rank which, by her natural position, she formerly held, and which, but for slavery, she never would have lost. Virginia was the largest of the original States, with an unequaled sea-coast line, and stretching to the Ohio River on the west. Her territory contained, besides a variety of soil and climate, inexhaustible beds of coal and iron ores, which for long years have been left almost untouched. It contained, moreover, by far the most practicable passage across the Alleghany range of mountains between the Ohio valley and the Atlantic, which, under a free-labor system, would long ago have been opened by canal or railroad, or both. One of Virginia's most pressing needs at this time is increased railroad communication whereby to open up her pastures, wheat-lands, coal-fields, and ore-beds to the markets of the world, and to an immigration of free labor and outside capital. We are glad to note that a good beginning has been made in this latter direction by the interest which some of our eminent New York merchants and railroad-builders have recently taken in the completion of the great Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad (formerly the Virginia Central), extending from tide-water at the east, through the heart of Virginia and West Virginia, to the Kentucky boundary. The length of the road is 427 miles, of which only about 200 miles, on the Ohio slope of the chain, are uncompleted.

This great work, which must become one of the main arteries of communication to and from the western cities, was, prior to the war, an object of State care, no less than $5,300,000 having been expended in construction on the western portion of the line. This expenditure, together with other legislative privileges, has been transferred to the new corporation, which is pushing forward the line to the Ohio. Among the more important features of this line will be the union of the celebrated coal-fields of the Kanawha with the ores of Virginia, and also the addition of a new, short, and cheap line of traffic for the breadstuffs of the West to the seaboard. This road will no doubt be the cause of drawing thousands to the cheap Virginia lands for settlement. It also affords a short route from Washington to the Southwest, and must become a grand central thoroughfare between the Atlantic and the Mississippi valley.

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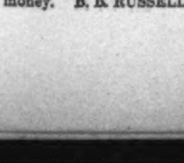

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